

A FIRST SCHOOL POETRY BOOK

COME to me, O ye children !
And whisper in my ear
What the birds and the winds are singing
In your sunny atmosphere.

* * * *

Ye are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said ;
For ye are living poems,
And all the rest are dead.

II. W. LONGFELLOW

THE PUBLISHERS
COMPLIMENTS.
A FIRST SCHOOL
POETRY BOOK



COMPILED BY

M. A. WOODS

HEAD MISTRESS OF THE CLIFTON HIGH SCHOOL
FOR GIRLS

London
MACMILLAN AND CO.
AND NEW YORK
1888

First Edition published 1886.
Reprinted, with additions, 1888.

PREFACE

MY apology for adding another school poetry book to the many in existence must be the usual one, that I have found nothing quite suited to my purpose. The best are too ambitious, or, at least, contain too much that is difficult, to be really fitted for little children fresh from the nursery or kindergarten, craving food, but quite unable to assimilate strong meat. It may be a mistake to "write down" to them, but it is, I think, a still greater mistake to force good things upon them prematurely, and so create a disgust which it is difficult, in after years, to remove. Poetry intended for their use should appeal to their childish fancies, their fondness for flowers and animals, their delight in story, their mingled love of sentiment and fun. It should be simple in form, and simple in what I may call outward meaning. Some of it will unfold deeper meanings as the years go on; some will be discarded as the mind

outgrows it ; but all may be good of its kind, and all possess something of that quality of suggestiveness which makes it, in the best sense of the word, educational.

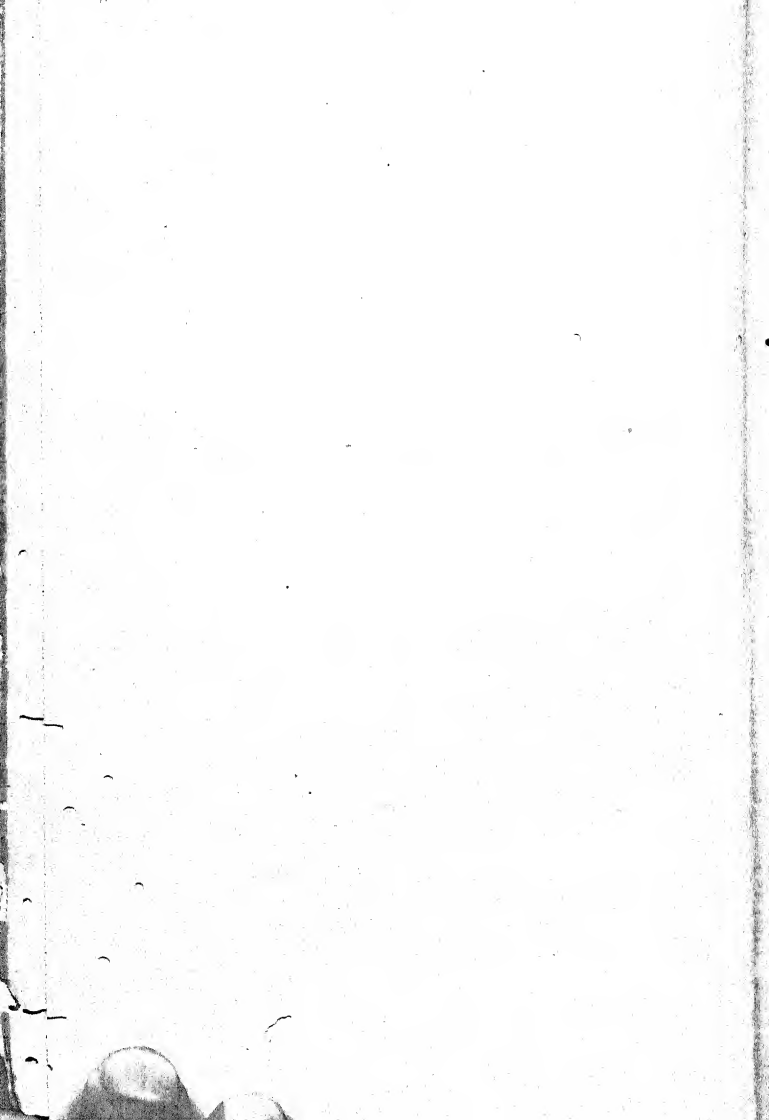
Trial alone can show how far the present selection fulfils the conditions I have laid down. It is intended for children from seven to ten or eleven, *i.e.* for those comprised in the Lower or Preparatory Division of High Schools. It will be found to contain (as every selection must that does not sacrifice soundness to novelty) a large number of familiar pieces, but also, I think, an unusually large number that are unfamiliar. The parts are graduated, and intended to be used simultaneously, the second being specially adapted to class reading and recitation. I may add that, though compiled in the first instance for Girls' Schools, there is nothing in the volume to unfit it for use in a Preparatory Boys' School or private schoolroom.

My warm thanks are due to those authors and publishers whose co-operation has made my task a possible one ; and I may perhaps be allowed, without seeming to disparage the kindness of many others, to acknowledge my special obligations to Mr. Browning, Mr. Allingham, and Mr. Lewis Carroll ; to Mr. F. E. Weatherly and Messrs.

Hildesheimer and Faulkner; to Miss Horatia K. F. Gatty (for the use of two poems by Mrs. Ewing); to Mrs. Howitt, Miss Ingelow, Miss M. Betham-Edwards, and Dr. George MacDonald; and to Messrs. Macmillan and Co. (for the use of poems by Lord Tennyson, Mr. Kingsley, and others). Nos. 7, 8, 50, and 98 have been taken from *St. Nicholas*, with the kind permission of Messrs. F. Warne and Co.

It is proposed, should the success of the present volume seem to justify the undertaking, to publish selections on a similar plan for the Middle and Upper Divisions of High Schools.

CLIFTON, *June* 1886.



CONTENTS

Poems marked with an asterisk are inserted by permission

PART I

	PAGE
1. Grace for a Child <i>R. Herrick</i>	3
2. *Birdie and Baby <i>Lord Tennyson</i>	3
3. The Lamb <i>W. Blake</i>	4
4. *A Child's Prayer <i>M. Betham-Edwards</i>	5
5. *Dolly and Dick <i>E. Coxhead</i>	6
6. *Little White Lily <i>G. MacDonald</i>	7
7. *What became of them <i>Anon.</i>	9
8. *Sympathy <i>M. Johnson</i>	9
9. What does it matter <i>G. C. Boase</i>	10
10. *Seven Times One <i>J. Ingelow</i>	13
11. *The Yellow Fly <i>J. H. Ewing</i>	14
12. Rimes from Shakspeare <i>W. Shakspeare</i>	16
13. *The Walrus and the Carpenter <i>Lewis Carroll</i>	18
14. A Winter Window <i>"A"</i>	22
15. *The Spider and the Fly <i>M. Howitt</i>	23
16. *The Song of the Wood <i>F. E. Weatherly</i>	25
17. *Flopsy <i>Anon.</i>	26
18. The Bluebell of Scotland <i>Old Song</i>	28
19. *Daisy's Lesson <i>Anon.</i>	29
20. Answer to a Child's Question <i>S. T. Coleridge</i>	30

		PAGE
21.	*Robin Redbreast <i>W. Allingham</i>	31
22.	*The Lost Doll <i>C. Kingsley</i>	32
23.	Spring <i>T. Nash</i>	33
24.	The Echoing Green <i>W. Blake</i>	34
25.	*Baby <i>G. MacDonald</i>	35
26.	*Going a-Maying <i>J. H. Ewing</i>	36
27.	The Pond <i>Jane Taylor</i>	38
28.	*The Little Boats "A"	39
29.	The Child's Wish in June <i>Gilman</i>	41
30.	A Night with a Wolf <i>Bayard Taylor</i>	42
31.	*Willow the King <i>E. E. Bowen</i>	44
32.	*The Fairies of the Caldon-Low <i>M. Howitt</i>	46
33.	Infant Joy <i>W. Blake</i>	49
34.	*September <i>M. Howitt</i>	50
35.	Lullaby of an Infant Chief <i>Sir W. Scott</i>	51
36.	*The Gray Doves' Answer <i>F. E. Weatherly</i>	52
37.	*Rocking and Talking <i>A. Keary</i>	52
38.	*A Winter's Tale <i>F. E. Weatherly</i>	54
39.	My Dove <i>J. Keats</i>	55
40.	*The Fairies <i>W. Allingham</i>	56
41.	*The Coming of Spring <i>M. Howitt</i>	58
42.	The Useful Plough <i>Old Song</i>	59
43.	*Sweet and Low <i>Lord Tennyson</i>	60
44.	Away from Home <i>S. T. Coleridge</i>	61
45.	*Fairy Men <i>A. Keary</i>	61
46.	Nurse's Song <i>W. Blake</i>	64
47.	We are Seven <i>W. Wordsworth</i>	64
48.	Ophelia's Songs <i>W. Shakspeare</i>	67
49.	Meg Merrilies <i>J. Keats</i>	68
50.	*A Slumber Song <i>E. O. Cooke</i>	69
51.	The Court of Fairy <i>M. Drayton</i>	71
52.	The Mountain and the Squirrel <i>R. W. Emerson</i>	75
53.	*The Last Day of Flowers <i>A. Keary</i>	75

CONTENTS

xi

PAGE

54.	*The Owl	<i>Lord Tennyson</i>	77
55.	*The Dead Bird's Song	<i>F. E. Weatherly</i>	78
56.	*The Broom Flower	<i>M. Howitt</i>	79
57.	False Friends-like	<i>W. Barnes</i>	80
58.	The Cow and the Ass	<i>Jane Taylor</i>	81
59.	The Fairy Queen	<i>Old Ballad</i>	83
60.	*Three Worlds	<i>Anon.</i>	85
61.	A Hunting-Song	<i>Sir W. Scott</i>	86
62.	*My Baby	<i>F. E. Weatherly</i>	86
63.	*Sister and Brother	<i>Anon.</i>	87
64.	A Dream	<i>W. Blake</i>	88
65.	A Song of "Willow"	<i>W. Shakspeare</i>	89
66.	Lucy Gray : or, Solitude	<i>W. Wordsworth</i>	89
67.	The Horned Owl	<i>Barry Cornwall</i>	92
68.	The Fiftieth Birthday of Agassiz	<i>H. W. Longfellow</i>	93
69.	*London River	<i>F. E. Weatherly</i>	94
70.	*The Lark's Grave	<i>Westwood</i>	95
71.	A Spring Song	<i>R. Burns</i>	96
72.	The Child's First Grief	<i>F. Hemans</i>	97
73.	The Little Bird's Complaint to his Mistress	<i>Jane Taylor</i>	98
74.	The Pet Lamb	<i>W. Wordsworth</i>	99
75.	A Winter Song	<i>R. Burns</i>	104
76.	Casabianca	<i>F. Hemans</i>	104
77.	My Heart's in the Highlands	<i>R. Burns</i>	106
78.	The Village Blacksmith	<i>H. W. Longfellow</i>	107
79.	The Little Black Boy	<i>W. Blake</i>	109
80.	To a Bee	<i>R. Southey</i>	110
81.	The Wreck of the <i>Hesperus</i>	<i>H. W. Longfellow</i>	111
82.	Good-Morrow	<i>T. Heywood</i>	114
83.	Ariel's Songs	<i>W. Shakspeare</i>	115
84.	Twilight	<i>H. W. Longfellow</i>	116
85.	*The Fairies' Nest	"A"	117

	PAGE
86. *The Use of Flowers <i>M. Howitt</i>	120
87. The Night-piece: <i>R. Herrick</i>	122
88. The Fountain <i>J. R. Lowell</i>	123
89. *Flower Fancies <i>Anon.</i>	124
90. Private Wealth <i>R. Herrick</i>	125
91. *How's my Boy <i>S. Dobell</i>	126
92. Barthram's Dirge: <i>R. Surtees</i>	128
93. A Storm Song <i>Bayard Taylor</i>	129
94. Robin Good-Fellow <i>Old Ballad</i>	130
95. Nose and Eyes <i>W. Cowper</i>	134
96. Ye Mariners of England <i>T. Campbell</i>	135
97. Bonnie George Campbell <i>Old Ballad</i>	137
98. *July <i>S. H. Swett</i>	138
99. *A Fairy Song <i>Michael Field</i>	139
100. The Knight's Leap <i>C. Kingsley</i>	140
101. Walter von der Vogelweid <i>H. W. Longfellow</i>	141
102. Gathering Song of Donald the Black <i>Sir W. Scott</i>	143
103. Violets <i>R. Herrick</i>	145
104. The Loss of the <i>Royal George</i> <i>W. Cowper</i>	145
105. The Nightingale <i>R. Barnefield</i>	147
106. *The Charge of the Light Bri- gade <i>Lord Tennyson</i>	149
107. A Gipsy Song <i>Ben Jonson</i>	151
108. The Lark and the Nightingale <i>Hartley Coleridge</i>	151
109. *The Sands of Dee <i>C. Kingsley</i>	152
110. *The Poet's Song <i>Lord Tennyson</i>	153
111. *Don Jose's Mule, Jacintha <i>M. Betham-Edwards</i>	154
112. The Redbreast and the Butter- fly <i>W. Wordsworth</i>	159
113. *Ye Carpette Knyghte <i>Lewis Carroll</i>	160
114. After the Accident <i>Bret Harte</i>	161
115. The Burial of Sir John Moore <i>C. Wolfe</i>	163

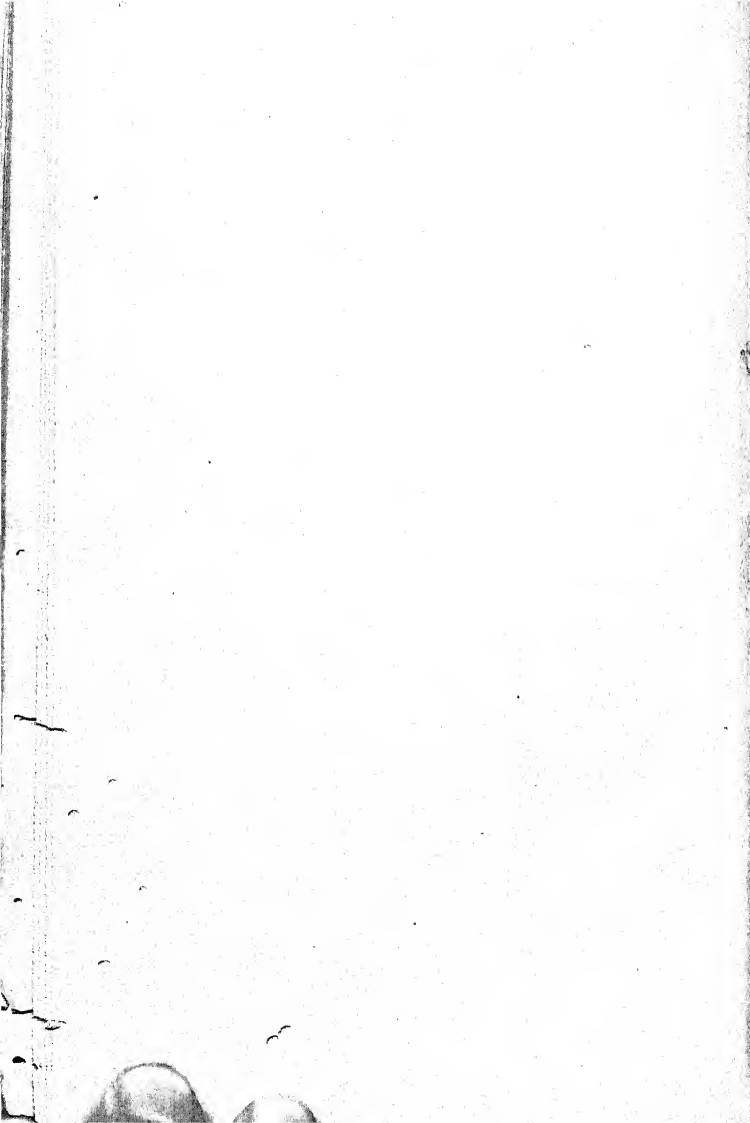
CONTENTS

xiii

	PAGE
116. There's nae Luck about the House <i>W. J. Mickle</i>	164
117. *The Boy and the Angel <i>R. Browning</i>	166
118. *A Farewell <i>C. Kingsley</i>	170

PART II

1. *Mabel on Midsummer Day <i>M. Howitt</i>	173
2. The Diverting History of John Gilpin <i>W. Cowper</i>	181
3. Hynd Horn <i>Old Ballad</i>	191
4. Stories from Hiawatha <i>H. W. Longfellow</i>	196
5. The Children in the Wood <i>Old Ballad</i>	217
6. *The Pied Piper of Hamelin <i>R. Browning</i>	223
7. *The Angel's Story <i>A. Proctor</i>	233
8. *The <i>Golden Bee</i> <i>M. Betham-Edwards</i>	240
9. Scenes from Fairyland <i>W. Shakspeare</i>	249
10. Noah's Ark <i>M. Drayton</i>	263



PART I

3

B

THE ARGUMENT

(FROM HERRICK'S ARGUMENT OF HIS BOOK)

I SING of brooks, of blossoms, birds, and bowers,
Of April, May, of June, and July-flowers.

* * * * *

I sing of times trans-shifting ; and I write
How roses first came red, and lilies white.
I write of groves, of twilights ; and I sing
The court of Mab, and of the Fairy King.



1.—GRACE FOR A CHILD

HERE, a little child, I stand,
Heaving up my either hand;
Cold as paddocks¹ though they be,
Yet I lift them up to Thee,
For a benison to fall
On our meat, and on us all! Amen.

R. HERRICK

2.—BIRDIE AND BABY

WHAT does little birdie say
In her nest at peep of day?
Let me fly, says little birdie,
Mother, let me fly away.
Birdie, rest a little longer,
Till the little wings are stronger.
So she rests a little longer,
Then she flies away.

What does little baby say
In her bed at peep of day?
Baby says, like little birdie,
Let me rise and fly away.

¹ *Paddocks*, toads.

THE LAMB

Baby, sleep a little longer,
Till the little limbs are stronger ;
If she sleeps a little longer,
Baby too shall fly away.

TENNYSON

3.—THE LAMB

LITTLE lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee,
Gave thee life and bade thee feed
By the stream and o'er the mead ;
Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing, woolly, bright ;
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice ?

Little lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee ?

Little lamb, I'll tell thee ;
Little lamb, I'll tell thee :
He is called by thy name,
For He calls Himself a Lamb ;
He is meek, and He is mild,
He became a little child.
I a child and thou a lamb,
We are called by His name.

Little lamb, God bless thee !
Little lamb, God bless thee !

W. BLAKE

4.—A CHILD'S PRAYER

GOD make my life a little light,
Within the world to glow ;
A tiny flame that burneth bright,
Wherever I may go.

God make my life a little flower,
That giveth joy to all,
Content to bloom in native bower,
Although its place be small.

God make my life a little song,
That comforteth the sad ;
That helpeth others to be strong,
And makes the singer glad.

God make my life a little staff
Whereon the weak may rest,
That so what health and strength I have
May serve my neighbours best.

God make my life a little hymn
Of tenderness and praise ;
Of faith, that never waxeth dim,
In all His wondrous ways.

M. BETHAM-EDWARDS

5.—DOLLY AND DICK

DOLLY came into the meadow,
And sat on the grass to cry ;
Her tears made the daisies wither,
And the yellow buttercups die.

The little birds heard her sobbing ;
Their songs broke off in surprise :
What could have happened to Dolly,
That she had such sorrowful eyes ?

" I am unhappy !" cried Dolly,
Sobbing aloud in despair ;
" I fought with Dick in the garden,
And pulled out a lot of his hair."

Softly there flew down a robin—
A dear little redbreast bird ;
His voice was clear as the ripples
Of a pool which the wind has stirred :

" After the night comes the morning,
After the winter the spring :
We can begin again, Dolly,
And be sorry for everything.

" It is a pity to quarrel ;
I think it never is right :
But if you fight in the day-time,
You can make it up in the night.

"We love, and so we are happy ;
No beautiful thing ever ends :
'Tis good to cry and be sorry,
But better to kiss and be friends."

Dolly stopped crying to listen,
But the robin had flown away.

"I'll go and say I am sorry
I quarrelled with Dick to-day."

"What made you come back?" asked Dicky,
As they kissed on the nursery stairs.

"I met," said Dolly, "a robin
Who, I think, was saying his prayers."
E. COXHEAD

6.—LITTLE WHITE LILY

LITTLE white Lily
Sat by a stone,
Drooping and waiting
Till the sun shone.
Little white Lily
Sunshine has fed ;
Little white Lily
Is lifting her head.

Little white Lily
Said, "It is good—
Little white Lily's
Clothing and food."

LITTLE WHITE LILY

Little white Lily
Drest like a bride !
Shining with whiteness,
And crown'd beside !

Little white Lily
Droopeth with pain,
Waiting and waiting
For the wet rain.
Little white Lily
Holdeth her cup,
Rain is fast falling
And filling it up.

Little white Lily
Said, " Good again,
When I am thirsty
To have nice rain ;
Now I am stronger,
Now I am cool ;
Heat cannot burn me,
My veins are so full."

Little white Lily
Smells very sweet ;
On her head sunshine,
Rain at her feet.
" Thanks to the sunshine !
Thanks to the rain !
Little white Lily
Is happy again."

G. MAC DONALD

7.—WHAT BECAME OF THEM?

HE was a rat, and she was a rat,
And down in one hole they did dwell,
And both were as black as a witch's cat,
And they loved one another well.

He had a tail, and she had a tail,
Both long and curling and fine ;
And each said, "Yours is the finest tail
In the world, excepting mine."

He smelt the cheese, and she smelt the cheese,
And they both pronounced it good ;
And both remarked it would greatly add
To the charms of their daily food.

So he ventured out, and she ventured out,
And I saw them go with pain ;
But what befell them I never can tell,
For they never came back again.

ANON.

8.—SYMPATHY

A PLUMP little girl and a thin little bird
Were out in the meadow together,
"How cold that poor little bird must be
Without any clothes like mine," said she,
"Although it is sunshiny weather."

"A nice little girl is that," said he,
"But oh, how cold she must be! For, see,
She hasn't a single feather!"—
So each shivered to think of the other poor
thing,
Although it was sunshiny weather.
M. JOHNSON

9.—WHAT DOES IT MATTER?

THERE were six little pigs, as I've heard people say,
Went out with their mother-pig walking one day;
The sun shone so bright, and the air was so free,
They might all have been happy, as happy could be.

And so they all were, except one little brother,
Who thought he was wiser, poor thing, than his
mother,
And was always contriving some nonsense to
chatter,
And, when she reproved him, said, "What does
it matter?"

"I scarcely need answer," his mother would say;
"You yourself will discover the matter one day.
Take my word, you'll repent it, or sooner or later."
Says he "I repent it! why, what does it matter?"

Just while they were talking, a mastiff passed by,
Enjoying the sunshine and pretty blue sky.
Said this bad little pig, "How I long to displease
him!
I dare say, if I grunt, it will mightily tease him."

His mother replied, "It were better by far
To let him be quiet, and stay where you are ;
For, if you affront him, he'll bite you, I know."
"What matters it whether he bite me or no?"

Said the silly young thing, and he scampered away
And grunted at Doggy ; but what did Dog say ?
Why, he turned round, and, seizing Pig's ear with
his teeth,
He tore it, and worried him nearly to death ;

Then took himself off, and Pig ran away too,
And came to his mother to know what to do ;
Who took no account of his crying and clatter :
He said, "Oh, my ear !" She said, "What does
it matter ?

"'Tis only the bite that I bade you beware of ;
Besides, your own ear you can surely take care of !
I wonder to hear you consulting another,
Especially me, your poor ignorant mother !"

All this time little Piggy was crying and screaming,
And over his cheeks the salt tears were streaming,
And sadly he grieved as he cast his eyes round,
And saw all his brothers with ears safe and sound.

You'll think after this he was prudent and wise,
And loved his good mother and took her advice ;
You'll think he began his bad ways to forsake ;
But this, I assure you, is all a mistake.

For still he was naughty, as naughty could be,
And as often was punished—then sorry was he ;
But as soon as he fairly was rid of the pain,
He forgot all about it, and did wrong again.

It happened one day, as the other pigs tell,
In the course of their walk they drew near to a
well ;

So wide and so deep, with so smooth a wall round,
If a pig tumbled in, he was sure to be drowned.

So the mother stopped two, who were running a
race,

Saying ; " Children, take care ; 'tis a dangerous
place !

Walk soberly on till you're safe past the water."

" Why, 'tis but a well, and pray, what does it
matter ?"

Said the obstinate animal, foolish as ever,
But thinking himself very cunning and clever.
He made up his mind that whatever befell
He would run on before, and jump over this well.

" For," says he, " cats and dogs can jump ever so
high ;

And frogs live in the water, and why should not I ?
I suppose they'll allow I'm as wise as a frog,
And I'll very soon show I can jump like a dog."

Away scampered he to the mouth of the well,
Climb'd up to the top, missed his footing and fell.
From the bottom he set up a pitiful shout,
" O mother ! I'm in, and I cannot get out !"

She ran to the side when she heard his complaint,
And saw him in agony, struggling and faint ;
But no help could she give. " O children !" said
she ;

" How often I told you just how it would be !"

"O mother! O mother!" the little pig cried;
"Now I really repent of my folly and pride.
Oh, I'm sure I shall die!" and he sank down and
died,
While his mother and brothers wept round the
well side.

G. C. BOASE

10.—SEVEN TIMES ONE

THERE'S no dew left on the daisies and clover,
There's no rain left in heaven:
I've said my "seven times" over and over,
Seven times one are seven.

I am old! so old,—I can write a letter!
My birthday lessons are done;
The lambs play always, they know no better,
They are only one times one.

O moon! in the night I have seen you sailing
And shining so round and low;
You were bright! all bright! but your light is
failing—
You are nothing now but a bow.

You moon, have you done something wrong in
heaven
That God has hidden your face?
I hope if you have you will soon be forgiven,
And shine again in your place.

O velvet bee, you're a dusty fellow,
You've powdered your legs with gold !
O brave marsh marybuds, rich and yellow,
Give me your money to hold !

O columbine, open your folded wrapper,
Where two twin turtle-doves dwell !
O cuckoo-pint, toll me the purple clapper
That hangs in your clear green bell !

And show me your nest with the young ones in it ;
I will not steal them away ;
I am old ! you may trust me, linnet, linnet---
I am seven times one to-day.

JEAN INGELOW

II.—THE YELLOW FLY: A TALE WITH A STING IN IT

AH !

There you are !

I was certain I heard a strange voice from afar.
Mamma calls me a pup, but I'm wiser than she :
One ear cocked, and I hear ; half an eye, and I see ;
Wide awake though I doze, not a thing escapes me.

Yes ?

Let me guess :

It's the stable-boy's hiss as he wisps down Black
Bess ;
It sounds like a kettle beginning to sing ;

Or a bee on the pane ; or a moth on the wing :
Or my master's peg-top, just let loose from the
string.

Well !

Now I smell,

I don't know who you are, and I'm puzzled to tell.
You look like a fly dressed in very gay clothes,
But I blush to have troubled my mid-day repose,
For a creature not worth half a twitch of my nose.

How now ?

Bow, wow, wow !

The creature imagines we're playing, I vow !
If I pat you, I promise you'll find it too hard.
Be off ! when a watch-dog like me is on guard,
Big or little, no stranger's allowed in the yard.

Eh ?

" Come away ! "

My dear little master, is that what you say ?
I am greatly obliged for your kindness and cares,
But I really can manage my own small affairs,
And banish intruders who give themselves airs.

Snap !

Yap ! yap ! yap !

You defy me ? you pigmy, you insolent scrap !
What ! this to my teeth—that have worried a score
Of the biggest rats bred in the granary floor !
Come on, and be swallowed ! I spare you no
more.

Help !

Yelp ! yelp ! yelp !

Little master, pray save an unfortunate whelp,
Who began the attack, but is now in retreat,—
Having shown all his teeth, just escapes on his feet,
And is trusting to you to make safety complete.

Oh !

Let me go !

My poor eye ! my poor ear ! my poor tail ! my
poor toe !

Pray excuse my remarks, for I meant no such thing :
Don't trouble to come—oh ! the brute's on the wing !
I'd no notion, I'm sure, there were flies that could
sting.

Dear me !

I can't see ;

My nose burns, my limbs shake,—I'm as ill as
can be :

I was never in such an undignified plight.
Mamma told me, and now I suppose she was right,—
One should know what one's after before one shows
fight.

J. H. EWING

12.—RIMES FROM SHAKSPEARE

I

SLEEPEST or wakest thou, jolly shepherd ?
Thy sheep be in the corn ;
And, for one blast of thy minikin mouth,
Thy sheep shall take no harm.

2

The fox, the ape, the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three,
Until the goose came out of door,
And stayed the odds by adding four.

3

Jog on, jog on, the footpath way,
And merrily hent¹ the stile-a :
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a.

4

Will you buy any tape,
Or lace for your cape,
My dainty duck, my dear-a ?
Any silk, any thread,
Any toys for your head,
Of the newest and finest wear-a ?
Come to the pedlar :
Money's a meddler,
That doth utter all men's ware-a.

5

When that I was and a little tiny boy,
With heigh-ho ! the wind and the rain.
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

¹ *Hent*, take hold of.

18 THE WALRUS AND THE CARPENTER

But when I came to man's estate,
With heigh-ho ! the wind and the rain,
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came, alas ! to wive,
With heigh-ho ! the wind and the rain,
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain it raineth every day.

A great while ago the world begun,
With heigh-ho ! the wind and the rain ;
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day.

W. SHAKSPEARE

13.—THE WALRUS AND THE
CARPENTER

THE sun was shining on the sea,
Shining with all his might :
He did his very best to make
The billows smooth and bright—
And this was odd, because it was
The middle of the night.

The moon was shining sulkily,
Because she thought the sun
Had got no business to be there
After the day was done—
“ It's very rude of him,” she said,
“ To come and spoil the fun ! ”

THE WALRUS AND THE CARPENTER 19

The sea was wet as wet could be,
The sands were dry as dry.
You could not see a cloud, because
No cloud was in the sky :
No birds were flying overhead—
There were no birds to fly.

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Were walking close at hand ;
They wept like anything to see
Such quantities of sand :
“ If this were only cleared away,”
They said, “ it *would* be grand !”

“ If seven maids with seven mops
Swept it for half a year,
Do you suppose,” the Walrus said,
“ That they could get it clear ?”
“ I doubt it,” said the Carpenter,
And shed a bitter tear.

“ O Oysters, come and walk with us !”
The Walrus did beseech.
“ A pleasant walk, a pleasant talk,
Along the briny beach :
We cannot do with more than four,
To give a hand to each.”

The eldest Oyster looked at him,
But never a word he said :
The eldest Oyster winked his eye,
And shook his heavy head—
Meaning to say he did not choose
To leave the oyster-bed.

But four young Oysters hurried up,
All eager for the treat :
Their coats were brushed, their faces washed,
Their shoes were clean and neat—
And this was odd, because, you know,
They hadn't any feet.

Four other Oysters followed them,
And yet another four ;
And thick and fast they came at last,
And more, and more, and more—
All hopping through the frothy waves,
And scrambling to the shore.

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Walked on a mile or so,
And then they rested on a rock
Conveniently low ;
And all the little Oysters stood
And waited in a row.

" The time has come," the Walrus said,
" To talk of many things :
Of shoes—and ships—and sealing-wax—
Of cabbages—and kings—
And why the sea is boiling hot—
And whether pigs have wings."

" But wait a bit," the Oysters cried,
" Before we have our chat ;
For some of us are out of breath,
And all of us are fat !"

" No hurry !" said the Carpenter.
They thanked him much for that.

"A loaf of bread," the Walrus said,

"Is what we chiefly need :

Pepper and vinegar, besides,

Are very good indeed—

Now if you're ready, Oysters dear,

We can begin to feed."

"But not on us!" the Oysters cried,

Turning a little blue.

"After such kindness, that would be

A dismal thing to do!"

"The night is fine," the Walrus said.

"Do you admire the view?"

"It was so kind of you to come!

And you are very nice!"

The Carpenter said nothing but

"Cut us another slice :

I wish you were not quite so deaf—

I've had to ask you twice!"

"It seems a shame," the Walrus said,

"To play them such a trick,

After we've brought them out so far,

And made them trot so quick!"

The Carpenter said nothing but

"The butter's spread too thick!"

"I weep for you," the Walrus said :

"I deeply sympathise."

With sobs and tears he sorted out

Those of the largest size,

Holding his pocket-handkerchief

Before his streaming eyes.

"O Oysters," said the Carpenter,
"You've had a pleasant run !
Shall we be trotting home again ?"
But answer came there none—
And this was scarcely odd, because
They'd eaten every one.

LEWIS CARROLL

14.—A WINTER WINDOW

To a winter window
A hungry robin came,
And with a beak that cannot speak
Pecked softly at the frame :
A beak that cannot speak, and yet
That says the most delicious things ;
For who that hears it can forget
The song a little robin sings ?

At a winter window
The robin must be fed :
A friendly word I gave that bird,
Because his breast is red,
His feathers are so smoothly set,
And of the hue I love the best ;
For who that sees it can forget
The colour of a robin's breast ?

To a winter window
The robin came again,
And there he found on his own ground
A hungry little wren ;

With ruffled crest the wren he met,
 To know her place the wren he taught :
 Oh ! who that saw it can forget
 The way in which that robin fought ?
 " A "

15.—THE SPIDER AND THE FLY

" WILL you walk into my parlour ? " said the spider
 to the fly ;

" 'Tis the prettiest little parlour that ever you did
 spy ;

The way into the parlour is up a winding stair,
 And I've many a curious thing to show when you
 are there ! "

" Oh, no, no, " said the little fly, " to ask me is
 in vain,

For who goes up your winding stair can ne'er
 come down again. "

" I am sure you must be weary, dear, with soaring
 up so high ;

Will you rest upon my little bed ? " said the spider
 to the fly ;

" There are pretty curtains drawn around, the
 sheets are fine and thin,
 And if you like to rest awhile, I'll snugly tuck
 you in ! "

" Oh, no, no, " said the little fly, " for I've often
 heard it said,

They never, never wake again, who sleep upon
 your bed ! "

Said the cunning spider to the fly, " Dear friend,
 what can I do,

To prove the warm affection I've always felt for you?
I have, within my pantry, good store of all that's
 nice ;

I'm sure you're very welcome, will you please to
take a slice ?”

“ Oh, no, no,” said the little fly, “ kind sir, that
cannot be,

I've heard what's in your pantry, and I do not
wish to see.”

“ Sweet creature,” said the spider, “ you're witty
and you're wise ;

How handsome are your gaudy wings ! how
brilliant are your eyes !

I have a little looking-glass upon my parlour shelf ;
If you'll step in one moment, dear, you shall
 behold yourself.”

“ I thank you, gentle sir,” she said, “ for what
you're pleased to say,

And bidding you good-morrow now, I'll call another
day.”

The spider turn'd him round about, and went into
his den,

For well he knew the silly fly would soon come
back again.

So he wove a subtle web in a little corner sly,
And set his table ready to dine upon the fly.

Then he came out to his door again, and merrily
did sing,

“ Come hither, hither, pretty fly, with the pearl
and silver wing ;

Your robes are green and purple, there's a crest
upon your head ;

Your eyes are like the diamond bright, but mine
are dull as lead.”

Alas ! alas ! how very soon this silly little fly,
Hearing his wily, flattering words, came slowly
flitting by ;
With buzzing wings she hung aloft, then near and
nearer drew,
Thinking only of her brilliant eyes, and green
and purple hue ;
Thinking only of her crested head, poor foolish
thing ! at last
Up jumped the cunning spider, and fiercely held
her fast.
He dragged her up his winding stair, into his
dismal den,
Within his little parlour,—but she ne'er came out
again !

MORAL

And now, dear little children, who may this story
read,
To idle, silly, flattering words, I pray you ne'er
give heed :
Unto an evil counsellor, close heart, and ear, and
eye,
And take a lesson from this tale of the spider and
the fly.

M. HOWITT

16.—THE SONG OF THE WOOD

“WHAT are you singing of, soft and mild,
Green leaves, waving your gentle hands ?
Is it a song for a little child,
Or a song God only understands ?

Is it a song of hope or fear?
 A song of regret that you must die?
 Is it a song of welcome cheer?
 Is it a song of a sad good-bye?
 Is it some message that you bring,
 Hanging there 'mid the earth and sky?
 Who has taught you the song you sing?
 Or do you sing though you know not why?"

Answered the green leaves, soft and mild,
 Whispered the green leaves, soft and clear,
 "It is a song for every child,
 It is a song God loves to hear;
 It is the only song we know;
 We never question how or why;
 'Tis not a song of fear or woe,
 A song of regret that we must die:
 Ever at morn and at eventide
 This is our song in the deep old wood:
 'Earth is beautiful, Heaven is wide,
 And we are happy, for God is good!"

F. E. WEATHERLY

17.—FLOPSY

LEAVE me alone—I want to cry;
 It's no use trying to be good!
 O Flopsy, Flopsy! why did you die?
 I know you'd have understood.
 If I could but feel your paw on my cheek,
 And the touch of your soft white fur!
 But Nurse only says it is foolish and weak
 To cry my heart out for a cur.

She says that when Uncle died last year,
I did not pretend to cry :
But Uncle was always so cold and severe
When he came, that it made me shy ;
And he never kissed me, like Cousin Joe,
Or called me his dear little friend ;
So I could not really be sorry, you know,
And it's very wrong to "pretend."

But Flopsy would talk to me all day long,
Wagging his tail the while ;
He was always sorry when things went wrong,
And glad when he saw me smile.
Nurse says he'd no soul—so I needn't mind !
But it makes it a great deal worse :
Besides, if it's soul that makes people kind,
He was ten times kinder than Nurse !

She says I should cry for our baby-boy,
Who died just two months old :
But she told me herself he was singing for joy,
With a crown and a harp of gold !
And I know he is happy where violets hide
In meadows, not green, but blue—
O Flopsy ! in all the heavens so wide,
Is there no heaven for you ?

If I could but wake and find it a dream !
But I can't—oh, what shall I do !
It's only the good things that change and seem,
The bad ones are always true :
And miracles never happen now,
And the fairies all are fled ;
And Mother's away, and the world somehow
Is dark—and Flopsy's dead !

Hush ! there is Father's foot on the stairs !
I will tell him of all my pain ;
I will ask him to let me say in my prayers,
" Please give me Flopsy again ! "
For God is so strong and so kind, you see,
That perhaps He can make it true :
And, if He loves Uncle, and Baby, and me,
I'm *sure* He loves Flopsy too !

ANON.

18.—THE BLUEBELL OF SCOTLAND

OH where ! and oh where ! is your Highland
laddie gone ?
He's gone to fight the French for King George
upon the throne ;
And it's oh ! in my heart how I wish him safe at
home.

Oh where ! and oh where ! does your Highland
laddie dwell ?
He dwells in merry Scotland at the sign of the
Bluebell ;
And it's oh ! in my heart that I love my laddie
well.

What clothes, in what clothes is your Highland
laddie clad ?
His bonnet's of the Saxon green, his waistcoat's
of the plaid ;
And it's oh ! in my heart that I love my Highland
lad.

Suppose, oh suppose, that your Highland lad
should die?
The bagpipes shall play over him, I'll lay me
down and cry;
And it's oh! in my heart that I wish he may not
die!

OLD SONG

19.—DAISY'S LESSON

DAISY, in the fields one day,
With her hand in Nurse's,
Watched the birds and beasts at play,
Thought of all she used to say
In her book of verses.

"Nurse," she said, "I see them now
Just as I've been reading:
There's the robin in the bough;
There's the 'Thank you, pretty cow,'
By the water feeding:

"Here's 'How doth the busy bee'
Gathering golden honey.
If I talk to them, you'll see
How they'll stop and talk to me:
Shan't we think it funny?"

"*Busy bee*," she softly said:
Busy bee flew by her.
"*Little bird with bosom red!*"
Robin tossed his saucy head,—
Flew a little higher.

30 ANSWER TO A CHILD'S QUESTION

"*Thank you, pretty cow—oh dear!*
Is it no use trying?
Little lamb—do please come here!"
Little lamb made off in fear:
Daisy burst out crying.

Nurse held fast the tiny hand:
"Darling, we are human;
These have strayed from Fairyland;
How then should they understand
Speech of man or woman?"

"We must learn their language, dear;
It is worth the learning:
Tender words of trust and cheer
Will they whisper in our ear
Past the world's discerning;

"For the world with all her might
Is for this too lazy:
Love will make the lesson light."
—"Teach me how to learn it right,"
Through her tears smiled Daisy.

ANON.

20.—ANSWER TO A CHILD'S QUESTION

Do you ask what the birds say? The sparrow,
the dove,
The linnet, and thrush say "I love, and I love!"
In the winter they're silent, the wind is so strong;
What it says I don't know, but it sings a loud song.

But green leaves, and blossoms, and sunny warm
weather,
And singing and loving—all come back together.
But the lark is so brimful of gladness and love,
The green fields below him, the blue sky above,
That he sings, and he sings, and for ever sings he,
“I love my Love, and my Love loves me.”

S. T. COLERIDGE

21.—ROBIN REDBREAST

GOOD-BYE, good-bye to Summer !
For Summer's nearly done ;
The garden smiling faintly,
Cool breezes in the sun ;
Our thrushes now are silent,
Our swallows flown away ;
But Robin's here, in coat of brown,
With ruddy breast-knot gay.

Robin, Robin Redbreast,
O Robin dear !
Robin singing sweetly
In the falling of the year.

Bright yellow, red, and orange,
The leaves come down in hosts ;
The trees are Indian Princes,
But soon they'll turn to Ghosts ;
The scanty pears and apples
Hang russet on the bough ;
It's Autumn, Autumn, Autumn late,
'Twill soon be Winter now.

THE LOST DOLL

Robin, Robin Redbreast,
O Robin dear !
And welaway ! my Robin,
For pinching days are near.

The fireside for the cricket,
The wheatstack for the mouse,
When trembling night-winds whistle
And moan all round the house ;
The frosty ways like iron,
The branches plumed with snow,—
Alas ! in Winter dead and dark,
Where can poor Robin go ?

Robin, Robin Redbreast,
O Robin dear !
And a crumb of bread for Robin,
His little heart to cheer.

W. ALLINGHAM

22.—THE LOST DOLL

I ONCE had a sweet little doll, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world ;
Her cheeks were so red and so white, dears,
And her hair was so charmingly curled.
But I lost my poor little doll, dears,
As I played in the heath one day ;
And I cried for her more than a week, dears ;
But I never could find where she lay.

I found my poor little doll, dears,
As I played in the heath one day :
Folks say she is horribly changed, dears,
For her paint is all washed away,
And her arm trodden off by the cows, dears,
And her hair not the least bit curled :
Yet for old sakes' sake she is still, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world.

C. KINGSLEY

23.—SPRING

SPRING, the sweet Spring, is the year's pleasant
king ;
Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in a
ring ;
Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo !

The palm and the may make country houses gay,
Lambs frisk and play, the shepherds pipe all day,
And we hear aye birds tune this merry lay,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo !

The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our feet,
Young lovers meet, old wives a-sunning sit ;
In every street these tunes our ears do greet,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo !
Spring ! the sweet Spring !

T. NASH

24.—THE ECHOING GREEN

THE sun does arise
And make happy the skies ;
The merry bells ring
To welcome the Spring ;
The skylark and thrush,
The birds of the bush,
Sing louder around
To the bells' cheerful sound ;
While our sports shall be seen
On the echoing green.

Old John with white hair,
Does laugh away care,
Sitting under the oak
Among the old folk.
They laugh at our play,
And soon they all say,
"Such, such were the joys
When we all, girls and boys,
In our youth-time were seen
On the echoing green.

Till the little ones, weary,
No more can be merry :
The sun does descend,
And our sports have an end.
Round the laps of their mothers,
Many sisters and brothers,
Like birds in their nest,
Are ready for rest,
And sport no more seen
On the echoing green.

W. BLAKE

25.—BABY

WHERE did you come from, baby dear ?

“ Out of the everywhere into here.”

Where did you get those eyes so blue ?

“ Out of the sky as I came through.”

What makes the light in them sparkle and spin ?

“ Some of the starry spikes left in.”

Where did you get that little tear ?

“ I found it waiting when I got here.”

What makes your forehead so smooth and high ?

“ A soft hand stroked it as I went by.”

What makes your cheek like a warm white rose ?

“ I saw something better than any one knows.”

Whence that three-cornered smile of bliss ?

“ Three angels gave me at once a kiss.”

Where did you get this pearly ear ?

“ God spoke, and it came out to hear.”

Where did you get those arms and hands ?

“ Love made itself into bonds and bands.”

Feet, whence did you come, you darling things ?

“ From the same box as the cherubs' wings.”

How did they all just come to be you ?

“ God thought about me, and so I grew.”

But how did you come to us, you dear ?

“ God thought about you, and so I am here.”

G. MAC DONALD

26.—GOING A-MAYING

(FROM "GRANDMOTHER'S SPRING")

"LITTLE Kings and Queens of the May,
 If you want to be
 Every one of you very good,
 In that beautiful, beautiful, beautiful wood,
 Where the little birds' heads get so turned with
 delight

That some of them sing all night :

Whatever you pluck

Leave some for good luck ;

Picked from the stalk or pulled up by the root,

From overhead or from underfoot,

Water-wonders of pond or brook,—

Wherever you look,

And whatever you find,

Leave something behind :

Some for the Naiads,

And some for the Dryads,

And a bit for the Nixies and the Pixies."

* * * *

There were flowers everywhere,

Censing the summer air,

Till the giddy bees went rolling home

To their honeycomb ;

And when we smelt at our posies,

The little fairies inside the flowers rubbed coloured
 dust on our noses,

Or pricked us till we cried aloud for snuffing the
 dear dog-roses.

But above all the noise

I kept thinking I heard my mother's voice :

But it may have been only a fairy joke,
For she was at home; and I sometimes thought
it was really the flowers that spoke.

From the Foxglove in its pride,
To the Shepherd's Purse by the bare roadside;
From the snapjack heart of the Starwort frail,
To meadows full of Milkmaids pale,
And Cowslips loved by the nightingale;
Rosette of the tasselled hazel-switch,

Sky-blue Star of the ditch,
Dandelions like mid-day suns,

Bindweed that runs,
Lord with their Ladies cheek by jowl,
In purple surcoat and pale green cowl;
Family groups of Primroses fair;

Orchids rare;
Velvet Bee-orchis that never can sting,
Butterfly-orchis which never takes wing;
Robert the Herb with strange, sweet scent
And crimson leaf, when summer is spent—

Clustering neighbourly,
All this gay company
Said to us seemingly,
"Pluck, children, pluck!

But leave some for good luck;
Picked from the stalk, or pulled up by the root,
From overhead, or from underfoot,
Water-wonders of pond or brook,—

Wherever you look,
And whatever your little fingers find,
Leave something behind:
Some for the Naiads,
And some for the Dryads,

And a bit for the Nixies and the Pixies."

J. H. EWING

27.—THE POND

THERE was a round pond, and a pretty pond too ;
About it white daisies and violets grew,
And dark weeping willows, that stoop to the ground,
Dipped in their long branches, and shaded it round.

A party of ducks to this pond would repair,
To feast on the green water-weeds that grew there :
Indeed, the assembly would frequently meet
To discuss their affairs in this pleasant retreat.

Now the subjects on which they were wont to
converse

I'm sorry I cannot include in my verse ;
For, though I've oft listened in hopes of discerning,
I own 'tis a matter that baffles my learning.

One day a young chicken that lived thereabout
Stood watching to see the ducks pass in and out,
Now standing tail upward, now diving below :
She thought of all things she should like to do so.

So the poor silly chick was determined to try ;
She thought 'twas as easy to swim as to fly ;
Though her mother had told her she must not go
near,
She foolishly thought there was nothing to fear.

" My feet, wings, and feathers, for aught that I see,
As good as the ducks' are for swimming," said she ;
" Though *my* beak is pointed, and *their* beaks are
round,
Is that any reason that I should be drowned ?

"Why should I not swim, then, as well as a duck?
I think I shall venture, and e'en try my luck!
For," said she—spite of all that her mother had
taught her—

"I'm really remarkably fond of the water."

So in this poor ignorant animal flew,
But soon found her dear mother's cautions were
true ;

She splashed, and she dashed, and she turned
herself round,

And heartily wished herself safe on the ground.

But now 'twas too late to begin to repent ;
The harder she struggled the deeper she went,
And when every effort had vainly been tried,
She slowly sunk down to the bottom and died !

The ducks, I perceived, began loudly to quack
When they saw the poor fowl floating dead on its
back ;

And, by their grave gestures and looks, 'twas
apparent

They discoursed on the sin of not minding a parent.

JANE TAYLOR

28.—THE LITTLE BOATS

'TWAS on a summer night
A night so calm and sweet,
That all the little boats woke up
And made a little fleet.

THE LITTLE BOATS

Without a single man
A helm or rope to take,
Their little sails they did unfurl,
And gave themselves a shake.

Without a single man—
Alas ! how could it be ?
The pretty Lilliputian fleet
Prepared to go to sea,
Together did collect
Within the silent bay,
Right gallantly did trim themselves,
And then—did sail away.

Are little boats alive ?
And can they plan and feel ?
Oh, strange to see each snowy sail
Across the moonlight steal ;
To see them bow and bend,
Before the breezes' tack,
And sail away so steadfastly,
And never once look back !

What will the fishers do,
When at the break of day
They seek the pretty boats they left
Moored in the quiet bay ?
They seek the pretty boats,
And find that they are fled ?
Alas ! what will the fishers do—
How can they earn their bread ?

The day begins to dawn,
The rosy bay shines fair ;
The eager fishers seek their boats,
And lo, the boats are there !

Like senseless planks of wood,
All helplessly they lie ;
Who would have thought that little boats
Could ever be so sly ?

The fisher on the sea
Must battle with the tide ;
He guides the boat, and does not dream .
The boat itself can guide.
Oh, active fishermen,
You work and toil and strive,
And guess not that the little boats
That hold you are alive !

Where did the creatures go ?
What did the creatures do ?
I'd give my very eyes to know----
Ah, children, would not you ?
But we shall never learn,
Our wishes we must quell ;
For British boats have hearts of oak,
And ne'er a one will tell !

"A."

29.—THE CHILD'S WISH IN JUNE

MOTHER, mother, the winds are at play ;
Prithee, let me be idle to-day !
Look, dear mother, the flowers all lie
Languidly under the bright blue sky.

See, how slowly the streamlet glides ;
Look how the violet roguishly hides ;
Even the butterfly rests on the rose,
And scarcely sips the sweets as he goes.

Poor Tray is asleep in the noonday sun,
And the flies go about him one by one ;
And Pussy sits near with a sleepy grace,
Without ever thinking of washing her face.

There flies a bird to a neighbouring tree,
But very lazily flieth he ;
And he sits and twitters a gentle note,
That scarcely ruffles his little throat.

You bid me be busy ; but, mother, hear
How the humdrum grasshopper soundeth near ;
And the soft west wind is so light in its play,
It scarcely moves a leaf on the spray.

I wish, oh, I wish I were yonder cloud,
That sails about with its misty shroud ;
Books and work I no more should see,
But I'd come and float, dear mother, o'er thee !

— GILMAN

30.—A NIGHT WITH A WOLF

LITTLE one, come to my knee !
Hark how the rain is pouring
Over the roof, in the pitch-black night,
And the wind in the woods a-roaring !

Hush, my darling, and listen,
Then pay for the story with kisses :
Father was lost in the pitch-black night,
In just such a storm as this is !

High up on the lonely mountains,
Where the wild men watched and waited ;
Wolves in the forest, and bears in the bush,
And I on my path belated.

The rain and the night together
Came down, and the wind came after,
Bending the props of the pine-tree roof,
And snapping many a rafter.

I crept along in the darkness,
Stunned, and bruised, and blinded—
Crept to a fir with thick-set boughs,
And a sheltering rock behind it.

There, from the blowing and raining,
Crouching, I sought to hide me :
Something rustled, two green eyes shone,
And a wolf lay down beside me.

Little one, be not frightened :
I and the wolf together,
Side by side, through the long, long night
Hid from the awful weather.

His wet fur pressed against me ;
Each of us warmed the other ;
Each of us felt, in the stormy dark,
That beast and man was brother.

And when the falling forest
 No longer crashed in warning,
 Each of us went from our hiding-place
 Forth, in the wild, wet morning.

Darling, kiss me in payment !
 Hark, how the wind is roaring ;
 Father's house is a better place
 When the stormy rain is pouring !
BAYARD TAYLOR

31.—WILLOW THE KING

WILLOW the King is a monarch grand :
 Three in a row his courtiers stand ;
 Every day, when the sun shines bright,
 The walls of his palace are painted white,
 And all the company bow their backs
 To the King with his collar of cobbler's wax.
So ho ! so ho ! may the courtiers sing :
 Honour and life to Willow the King !

Willow, King Willow, thy guard hold tight !
 Trouble is coming before the night :
 Hopping and galloping, short and strong,
 Comes the Leathery Duke along ;
 And down the palaces tumble fast
 When once the Leathery Duke gets past.
So ho ! so ho ! may the courtiers sing :
 Honour and life to Willow the King !

"Who is this," King Willow he swore,
"Hops like that to a gentleman's door?
Who's afraid of a Duke like him?
Fiddlededee!" says the monarch slim:
"What do you say, my courtiers three?"
And the courtiers all said "Fiddlededee!"
 So ho! so ho! may the courtiers sing:
 Honour and life to Willow the King!

Willow the King stood forward bold
Three good feet from his castle-hold;
Willow the King stepped back so light,
Skirmished gay to the left and right;
But the Duke rushed by with a leap and a fling—
"Bless my soul!" says Willow the King.
 So ho! so ho! may the courtiers sing:
 Honour and life to Willow the King!

Crash the palaces, sad to see;
Crash and tumble the courtiers three!
Each one lays, in his fear and dread,
Down on the grass his respected head;
Each one kicks, as he downward goes,
Up in the air his respected toes.
 So ho! so ho! may the courtiers sing:
 Honour and life to Willow the King!

But the Leathery Duke he jumped so high,
Jumped till he almost touched the sky:
"A fig for King Willow!" he boasting said;
"Carry this gentleman off to bed!"
So they carried him off with the courtiers three,
And put him to bed in the green-baize tree.
 So ho! so ho! may the courtiers sing:
 Honour and life to Willow the King!

46 THE FAIRIES OF THE CALDON-LOW

"What of the Duke?" you ask anon:
"Where has his Leathery Highness gone?"
Oh, he is filled with air inside!
Either it's air, or else it's pride—
And he swells and swells as light as a drum,
And they kick him about till Christmas come.
So ho! so ho! may his courtiers sing:
Honour and life to Willow the King!
E. E. BOWEN

32.—THE FAIRIES OF THE CALDON-LOW

"AND where have you been, my Mary,
And where have you been from me?"
"I've been to the top of the Caldon-Low,
The midsummer night to see!"

"And what did you see, my Mary,
All up on the Caldon-Low?"
"I saw the blithe sunshine come down,
And I saw the merry winds blow."

"And what did you hear, my Mary,
All up on the Caldon Hill?"
"I heard the drops of water made,
And I heard the corn-ears fill."

"Oh, tell me all, my Mary,
All, all that ever you know;
For you must have seen the fairies
Last night on the Caldon-Low."

"Then take me on your knee, mother,
And listen, mother of mine!
A hundred fairies danced last night,
And the harpers they were nine;

"And merry was the glee of the harp-strings,
And their dancing feet so small;
But oh! the sound of their talking
Was merrier far than all!"

"And what were the words, my Mary,
That you did hear them say?"
"I'll tell you all, my mother;
But let me have my way.

"And some they played with the water,
And rolled it down the hill;
'And this,' they said, 'shall speedily turn
The poor old miller's mill;

"'For there has been no water
Ever since the first of May;
And a busy man shall the miller be
By the dawning of the day!

"'Oh the miller, how he will laugh
When he sees the mill-dam rise.
The jolly old miller, how he will laugh,
Till the tears fill both his eyes!' "

"And some they seized the little winds,
That sounded over the hill,
And each put a horn into his mouth,
And blew so sharp and shrill!

“ ‘And there,’ said they, ‘the merry winds go
Away from every horn ;
And those shall clear the mildew dank
From the blind old widow’s corn ;

“ ‘Oh, the poor blind widow—
Though she has been blind so long,
She’ll be merry enough when the mildew’s gone,
And the corn stands stiff and strong !’

“And some they brought the brown linseed,
And flung it down from the Low ;
‘And this,’ said they, ‘by the sunrise,
In the weaver’s croft shall grow !

“ ‘Oh, the poor lame weaver—
How will he laugh outright,
When he sees his dwindling flax-field
All full of flowers by night !’

“And then up spoke a brownie,
With a long beard on his chin :
‘I have spun up all the tow,’ said he,
‘And I want some more to spin.

“ ‘I’ve spun a piece of hempen cloth,
And I want to spin another—
A little sheet for Mary’s bed,
And an apron for her mother !’

“And with that I could not help but laugh,
And I laughed so loud and free ;
And then on the top of the Caldon-Low
There was no one left but me.

"And all on the top of the Caldun-Low
The mists were cold and gray,
And nothing I saw but the mossy stones
That round about me lay.

"But, as I came down from the hill-top,
I heard, afar below,
How busy the jolly miller was,
And how merry the wheel did go !

"And I peeped into the widow's field,
And, sure enough, were seen
The yellow ears of the mildewed corn
All standing stiff and green !

"And down by the weaver's croft I stole
To see if the flax were high ;
But I saw the weaver at his gate
With the good news in his eye !

"Now, this is all that I heard, mother,
And all that I did see ;
So, prithee, make my bed, mother,
For I'm tired as I can be !"

M. HOWITT

33.—INFANT JOY

"I HAVE no name :
I am but two days old."—
What shall I call thee ?—
"I happy am :
Joy is my name."—
Sweet joy befall thee !

Pretty joy !
Sweet joy, but two days old !
Sweet joy I call thee.
Thou dost smile :
I sing the while—
“ Sweet joy befall thee ! ”

W. BLAKE

34.—SEPTEMBER

THERE are twelve months throughout the year,
From January to December—
And the primest month of all the twelve
Is the merry month of September !
Then apples so red
Hang overhead,
And nuts ripe-brown
Come showering down
In the bountiful days of September !

There are flowers enough in the summer-time,
More flowers than I can remember—
But none with the purple, gold, and red
That dyes the flowers of September !
The gorgeous flowers of September !
And the sun looks through
A clearer blue,
And the moon at night
Sheds a clearer light
On the beautiful flowers of September !

The poor too often go scant and bare,
But it glads my soul to remember

That 'tis harvest-time throughout the land
 In the bountiful month of September !
 Oh ! the good, kind month of September !
 It giveth the poor
 The growth of the moor ;
 And young and old
 'Mong sheaves of gold,
 Go gleanin' in rich September.

M. HOWITT

35.—LULLABY OF AN INFANT CHIEF

OH, hush thee, my baby ! thy sire was a knight,
 Thy mother a lady, both lovely and bright ;
 The woods and the glens, from the towers which
 we see,
 They all are belonging, dear baby, to thee.

Oh, fear not the bugle, though loudly it blows !
 It calls but the warders that guard thy repose ;
 Their bows would be bended, their blades would
 be red,
 Ere the step of a foeman draws near to thy bed.

Oh, hush thee, my baby ! the time will soon come
 When thy sleep shall be broken by trumpet and
 drum ;
 Then hush thee, my darling ! take rest while you
 may ;
 For strife comes with manhood, and waking with
 day.

W. SCOTT

36.—THE GRAY DOVES' ANSWER

THE leaves were reddening to their fall ;

“Coo !” said the gray doves, “coo !”

As they sunned themselves on the garden wall,

And the swallows round them flew.

“Whither away, sweet swallows ?

Coo !” said the gray doves, “coo !”

“Far from this land of ice and snow

To a sunny southern clime we go,

Where the sky is warm and bright and gay :

Come with us, away, away !

“Come,” they said, “to that sunny clime !”

“Coo !” said the gray doves, “coo !”

“You will die in this land of mist and rime,

Where 'tis bleak the winter through.

Come away !” said the swallows.

“Coo !” said the gray doves, “coo !

Oh, God in Heaven,” they said, “is good ;

And little hands will give us food,

And guard us all the winter through.

Coo !” said the gray doves, “coo !”

F. E. WEATHERLY

37.—ROCKING AND TALKING

GENTLY, no pushing ; there's room to sit

All three without grumbling :

One in front, two behind—well you fit

With your aunt to keep you from tumbling.

Rock, rock, old rocking-chair !
You'll last us a long time with care ;
And still without balking
Of us four any one
Of rocking and talking—
This is what we call fun.

Curtains drawn and no candles lit,
Great red caves in the fire ;
This is the time for us four to sit
Rocking and talking all four till we tire.
Rock, rock, old rocking-chair !
How the firelight glows up there,
Red on the white ceiling !
The shadows every one
Might be giants reeling
On their great heads for fun.

Shall we call this a boat out at sea,
We four sailors rowing ?
Can you fancy it ? well, as for me,
I feel the salt wind blowing.
Up, up and down, lazy boat !
On the top of a wave we float—
Down we go with a rush.
Far off I see the strand
Glimmer ; our boat we'll push
Ashore on fairyland.

The fairy people come running
To meet us down on the strand,
Each holding toward us the very thing
We most wish for held in his hand.
Up again ! one wave more
Keeps us back from the fairy shore :

Let's pull all together !
Then with it up we'll climb
To the always fine weather
That makes up fairy time.

Ah ! the tide sweeps us out of our track—
The glimmer dies in the fire ;
There's no climbing the wave that holds back
The one thing we all most desire.
Never mind—rock, rocking-chair !
While there's room for us four there
To sit by the firelight swinging,
Shut in by the nursery door,
Birds in their own nest singing
Aren't happier than we four.

A. KEARY

38.—A WINTER'S TALE

So late ! and all the passers gone :
So cold the snowy street !
The little flower-girl wanders lone,
With bare and weary feet.
So tired ! the winds are loud and bleak ;
Down drops her little head ;
She sleeps ; the tears are on her cheeks—
Her violets are dead.

Soft, soft ! the Christmas morn grows bright ;
The winds no more are wild :
There comes, all clad in golden light,
A little angel-child.

He stops, and marks the cold, cold place ;
He sees the down-dropt head,
The poor, thin hands, the tear-stained face—
Her violets are dead.

Upon her head and eyelids wet
His hands he gently laid ;
And touched each withered violet,
And blessed the little maid ;
Then passed away : the glad bells broke
Upon the frosty air ;
The little flower-girl turned and woke—
Her flowers are fresh and fair !
F. E. WEATHERLY

39.—MY DOVE

I HAD a dove, and the sweet dove died ;
And I have thought it died of grieving :
O, what could it grieve for ? Its feet were tied
With a silken thread of my own hands' weaving.
Sweet little red feet ! why should you die ?
Why would you leave me, sweet bird ! why ?
You lived alone in the forest tree :
Why, pretty thing ! would you not live with me ?
I kiss'd you oft and gave you white peas ;
Why not live sweetly, as in the green trees ?
J. KEATS

40.—THE FAIRIES

UP the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting,
For fear of little men ;
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together ;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather !

Down along the rocky shore
Some make their home,
They live on crispy pancakes
Of yellow tide-foam ;
Some in the reeds
Of the black mountain-lake,
With frogs for their watch-dogs,
All night awake.

High on the hill-top
The old King sits ;
He is now so old and gray,
He's nigh lost his wits.
With a bridge of white mist
Columbkil he crosses,
On his stately journeys
From Slieveleague to Rosses ;
Or going up with music
On cold starry nights,
To sup with the Queen
Of the gay Northern Lights.

They stole little Bridget
For seven years long ;
When she came down again,
Her friends were all gone.
They took her lightly back,
Between the night and morrow,
They thought that she was fast asleep,
But she was dead with sorrow.
They have kept her ever since
Deep within the lake,
On a bed of flag-leaves,
Watching till she wake.

By the craggy hill-side,
Through the mosses bare,
They have planted thorn-trees
For pleasure here and there.
Is any man so daring
As dig them up in spite,
He shall find their sharpest thorns
In his bed at night.

Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting,
For fear of little men ;
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together ;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather !

W. ALLINGHAM

41.—THE COMING OF SPRING

"SPRING, where are you tarrying now?
Why are you so long unfelt?
Winter went a month ago,
When the snows began to melt."

"I am coming, little maiden,
With the pleasant sunshine laden;
With the honey for the bee,
With the blossom for the tree,
With the flower and with the leaf;
Till I come, the time is brief.

"I am coming, I am coming!
Hark! the little bee is humming;
See, the lark is soaring high
In the bright and sunny sky;
And the gnats are on the wing;
Little maiden, now is Spring!

"See, the yellow catkins cover
All the slender willows over;
And on mossy banks so green,
Starlike primroses are seen;
And, their clustering leaves below,
White and purple violets glow.

"Hark! the little lambs are bleating,
And the cawing rooks are meeting
In the elms, a noisy crowd;
And all birds are singing loud;
And the first white butterfly
In the sun goes flitting by.

" Little maiden, look around thee !
Green and flowery fields surround thee ;
Every little stream is bright,
All the orchard trees are white,
And each small and waving shoot
Has for thee sweet flower or fruit.

" Turn thy eyes to earth and heaven !
God for thee the Spring hath given ;
Taught the birds their melodies,
Clothed the earth and cleared the skies,
For thy pleasure, or thy food ;
Pour thy soul in gratitude !
So may'st thou 'mid blessings dwell :
Little maiden, fare thee well !"

M. HOWITT

42.—THE USEFUL PLOUGH

A COUNTRY life is sweet !
In moderate cold and heat,
To walk in the air, how pleasant and fair,
In every field of wheat,
The fairest of flowers adorning the bowers,
And every meadow's brow ;
So that I say, no courtier may
Compare with them who clothe in gray,
And follow the useful plough.

They rise with the morning lark,
And labour till almost dark ;
Then folding their sheep, they hasten to sleep ;
While every pleasant park

Next morning is ringing with birds that are
singing,
On each green, tender bough.
With what content and merriment
Their days are spent, whose minds are bent
To follow the useful plough.

OLD SONG

43.—“SWEET AND LOW”

SWEET and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea !
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
Blow him again to me ;
While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest ;
Father will come to thee soon :
Rest, rest, on mother's breast ;
Father will come to thee soon :
Father will come to his babe in the nest—
Silver sails all out of the west
Under the silver moon !
Sleep, my little one ; sleep, my pretty one ; sleep.

TENNYSON

44.—AWAY FROM HOME

If I had but two little wings
And were a little feathery bird,
To you I'd fly, my dear !
But thoughts like these are idle things,
And I stay here.

But in my sleep to you I fly :
I'm always with you in my sleep !
The world is all one's own.
But then one wakes, and where am I ?
All, all alone.

Sleep stays not, though a monarch bids :
So I love to wake ere break of day :
For though my sleep be gone,
Yet while 'tis dark, one shuts one's lids,
And still dreams on.

S. T. COLERIDGE

45.—FAIRY MEN

In Trentham woods we gathered flowers ;
T'was growing latish, when—
Tripping between the hyacinth stalks—
I spied the fairy men.
I wish, don't you, that you had been
Standing near me then ?

In jackets green and velvet caps,
With feather in the band—
Not one of them was half as big
As Charlie's little hand ;
I took my bonnet from my head
And curtseying did stand

To watch them as they tripped along
The hyacinth-woven bower ;
Beneath each fairy footfall
Sprang up a little flower,
And the mossy grass grew greener,
As after a Spring shower.

By twos the merry hunting elves
Marched first to clear the way ;
They'd lances made of hornet stings,
And caps with trophies gay ;
In deadly fight with dragon-flies
No braver men than they.

Then came the gentle flower-fays,
Each one an artist pale ;
Their business is to paint the flowers
That blossom in the vale ;
And though they work by dim moonlight,
Their colours never fail.

Next passed the elves who love to creep
On children's beds at night,
To whisper tales of Fairyland,
When Nurse puts out the light :
Each one carried a folded dream
To spread on a pillow white.

Last the sad stooping cobolds came ;
Through earth-holes small they creep ;
With patient steps they struggle up
The under-ways so steep :
For sins they are condemned to work
While other fairies sleep.

They carry tiny water-pails
Upon their shoulders small ;
Toilsomely in the under-world
Work they to fill them all,
Catching each raindrop as it drips
Through their dark cavern wall.

All night through fields and lanes they go,
And deftly as they run,
They slip a dewdrop in each flower,
On each grass-blade hang one,
Yet dare not wait to see them turned
To diamonds by the sun.

So winding on through Trentham woods
I watched the fairy men ;
The tall ferns hid them from my sight—
I think you called me then.
Could I have dreamt that pleasant scene ?
Or will they come again ?

A. KEARY

46.—NURSE'S SONG

WHEN the voices of children are heard on the
green,
And laughing is heard on the hill,
My heart is at rest within my breast,
And everything else is still.
Then come home, my children ! the sun is gone
down,
And the dews of night arise ;
Come, come ! leave off play, and let us away
Till the morning appears in the skies.

“ No, no ! let us play, for it is yet day,
And we cannot go to sleep ;
Besides, in the sky the little birds fly,
And the hills are all covered with sheep.”
Well, well ! go and play till the light fades away,
And then go home to bed.—
The little ones leapt, and shouted, and laughed ;
And all the hills echoéd.

W. BLAKE

47.—WE ARE SEVEN

——— A SIMPLE child
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death ?

I met a little cottage girl ;
She was eight years old, she said ;
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,
And she was wildly clad ;
Her eyes were fair, and very fair ;
Her beauty made me glad.

"Sisters and brothers, little maid,
How many may you be ?"
"How many? Seven in all," she said,
And wondering looked at me.

"And where are they? I pray you tell."
She answered, "Seven are we ;
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea.

"Two of us in the churchyard lie,
My sister and my brother ;
And, in the churchyard cottage, I
Dwell near them with my mother."

"You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea,
Yet ye are seven !—I pray you tell,
Sweet maid, how this may be."

Then did the little maid reply,
"Seven boys and girls are we ;
Two of us in the churchyard lie
Beneath the churchyard tree."

"You run about, my little maid,
Your limbs they are alive ;
If two are in the churchyard laid,
Then ye are only five."

"Their graves are green, they may be seen,"
The little maid replied,
"Twelve steps or more from my mother's door,
And they are side by side.

"My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchiefs there I hem ;
And there upon the ground I sit—
I sit and sing to them.

"And often after sunset, Sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there.

"The first that died was sister Jane ;
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God released her of her pain,
And then she went away.

"So, in the churchyard she was laid ;
And, when the grass was dry,
Together round her grave we played,
My brother John and I.

"And when the ground was white with snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side.

"How many are you, then," said I,

"If they two are in Heaven?"

Quick was the little maid's reply,

"O Master! we are seven."

"But they are dead: those two are dead!

Their spirits are in Heaven!"

'Twas throwing words away; for still

The little maid would have her will,

And said, "Nay, we are seven!"

W. WORDSWORTH

48.—OPHELIA'S SONGS

I

How should I your true love know

From another one?

By his cockle hat and staff,

And his sandal shoon.

He is dead and gone, lady;

He is dead and gone:

At his head a grass-green turf,

At his feet a stone.

White his shroud as the mountain snow,

Larded¹ with sweet flowers;

Which bewept to the grave did go

With true love showers.

¹ *Larded*, dressed.

2

And will he not come again
And will he not come again?
No, no, he is dead:
Go to thy death-bed:
He never will come again.

His beard was as white as snow;
All flaxen was his poll:
He is gone, he is gone,
And we cast away moan:
God ha' mercy on his soul!
W. SHAKSPEARE

49.—MEG MERRILIES

OLD Meg she was a gipsy,
And lived upon the moors:
Her bed it was the brown heath turf,
And her house was out of doors.
Her apples were swart¹ blackberries,
Her currants, pods o' broom;
Her wine was dew of the wild white rose,
Her book a churchyard tomb.

Her brothers were the craggy hills,
Her sisters larchen trees;
Alone with her great family,
She lived as she did please.

¹ *Swart*, black.

No breakfast had she many a morn,
No dinner many a noon,
And, 'stead of supper, she would stare
Full hard against the moon.

But every morn, of woodbine fresh,
She made her garlanding,
And every night the dark glen yew
She wove, and she would sing.
And with her fingers, old and brown,
She plaited mats of rushes,
And gave them to the cottagers
She met among the bushes.

Old Meg was brave as Margaret Queen,
And tall as Amazon ;
An old red blanket cloak she wore,
A ship-hat had she on.
God rest her aged bones somewhere :
She died full long ago.

J. KEATS

50.—A SLUMBER SONG

HUSH, baby, hush !
In the west there is glory,
With changes of amethyst, crimson, and gold :
The sun goes to bed like the king in a story
Told by a poet of old.

A SLUMBER SONG

Hush, baby, hush !

There's a wind on the river—
A sleepy old wind, with a voice like a sigh ;
And he sings to the rushes that dreamily quiver,
Down where the ripples run by.

Hush, baby, hush !

Lambs are drowsily bleating
Down in cool meadows where daisy-buds grow,
And the echo, aweary with all day repeating,
Has fallen asleep long ago.

Hush, baby, hush !

There are katydids¹ calling
“ Good-night ” to each other adown every breeze :
And the sweet baby-moon has been falling and
falling,
Till now she is caught in the trees.

Hush, baby, hush !

It is time you were winging
Your way to the land that lies—no one knows
where ;
It is late, baby, late—Mother's tired with her
singing ;
Soon she will follow you there.
Hush, baby—hush !

E. O. COOKE

¹ *Katydid*, a kind of grasshopper.

51.—THE COURT OF FAIRY

(FROM "NYMPHIDIA")

I

THE FAIRY PALACE

THIS palace standeth in the air,
By necromancy placèd there,
That it no tempests needs to fear,
Which way soe'er it blow it—
And somewhat southward toward the noon,
Whence lies a way up to the moon ;
And thence the fairy can as soon
Pass to the earth below it.

The walls of spiders' legs are made,
Well mortised¹ and finely laid—
He was the master of his trade
It curiously that builded ;
The windows of the eyes of cats,
And for the roof, instead of slats,
Is covered with the skins of bats,
With moonshine that are gilded.

2

QUEEN MAB TAKES A DRIVE

Her chariôt ready straight is made,
Each thing therein is fitting laid,
That she by nothing might be stayed,
For nought must her be letting :

¹ *Mortised*, joined together.

Four nimble gnats the horses were,
Their harnesses of gossamer,
Fly, Cranion, her charioteer,
Upon the coach-box getting.

Her chariot of a snail's fine shell,
Which for the colours did excel,
The fair queen Mab becoming well—
So lively was the limning;¹
The seat the soft wool of the bee,
The cover (gallantly to see)
The wing of a pied butterfly :
I trow, 'twas simple trimming.

The wheels composed of crickets' bones,
And daintily made for the nonce ;
For fear of rattling on the stones,
With thistle-down they shod it :
For all her maidens much did fear,
If Oberon had chanced to hear
That Mab his queen should have been there,
He would not have abode it.

She mounts her chariot with a trice,
Nor would she stay for no advice,
Until her maids that were so nice
To wait on her were fitted,
But ran away herself alone ;
Which when they heard, there was not one
But hasted after to be gone,
As she had been diswitted.

¹ *Limning*, painting.

Hop, and Mop, and Drap so clear,
Pip, and Trip, and Skip, that were
To Mab their sovereign dear,

Her special maids of honour ;
Fib, and Tib, and Pink, and Pin,
Pick, and Quick, and Jill, and Jin,
Tit, and Nit, and Wap, and Win—
The train that wait upon her.

Upon a grasshopper they got,
And what with amble and with trot,
For hedge nor ditch they spared not,
But after her they hie them.

A cobweb over them they throw,
To shield the wind if it should blow :
Themselves they wisely could bestow
Lest any should espy them.

3

PIGWIGGEN ARMS HIMSELF FOR BATTLE

He quickly arms him for the field—
A little cockle-shell his shield,
Which he could very bravely wield,
Yet could it not be piercèd ;
His spear¹ both stiff and strong,
And well near of two inches long ;
The pile² was of a horse-fly's tongue,
Whose sharpness naught reversèd :

¹ *Bent*, coarse grass.

² *Pile*, point.

And puts him on a coat of mail,
Which was of a fish's scale,
That when his foe should him assail,
 No point should be prevailing.
His rapier was a hornet's sting ;
It was a very dangerous thing ;
For if he chanced to hurt the king
 It would be long in healing.

His helmet was a beetle's head,
Most horrible and full of dread,
That able was to strike one dead ;
 Yet it did well become him :
And, for a plume, a horse's hair,
Which—being tossed by the air—
Had force to strike his foe with fear,
 And turn his weapon from him.

Himself he on an earwig set ;
Yet scarce he on his back could get,
So oft and high he did curvét,
 Ere he himself could settle :
He made him turn, and stop, and bound ;
To gallop, and to trot the round :
He scarce could trot on any ground
 He was so full of mettle.

M. DRAYTON

52.—THE MOUNTAIN AND THE
SQUIRREL

THE mountain and the squirrel
Had a quarrel,
And the former called the latter "Little prig ;"
Bun replied,
" You are doubtless very big ;
But all sorts of things and weather
Must be taken in together
To make up a year,
And a sphere.
And I think it no disgrace
To occupy my place.
If I'm not so large as you,
You are not so small as I,
And not half so spry :
I'll not deny you make
A very pretty squirrel track.
Talents differ ; all is well and wisely put ;
If I cannot carry forests on my back,
Neither can you crack a nut."

R. W. EMERSON

53.—THE LAST DAY OF FLOWERS

BROTHER, before we go to bed,
Let's run to the meadow-gate
And pull a bunch of cuckoo-flowers !
To-morrow 'twill be too late ;

For John says he must mow the grass
Before the sun is high.
I wonder do the flowers know
That to-morrow they must die !

All day to-morrow you and John
Will toss out in the sun
Dead flowers and faded grass together :
You'll only think of the fun,
But I shall feel a little sad,
For you know I always say
That the glory of the year is gone
When the flowers are cut away.

When all the pleasant meadow-lands
Are bare, and still, and green,
They never look so bright to me
As in the spring they've been :
I like to see the meadow-sweet
In the wind move to and fro—
Purples growing high in the grass,
Red pimpernels below.

Brightly the stitchwort star-flowers shine ;
Yet surely, if I were near,
In every flower's heart I should find
Hidden a glittering tear :
And, see the poppies near the hedge !
Each slowly bends its head.
Can they be telling one another,
"To-morrow you'll be dead ?"

I shall not join the hay-making,
Or play i' the hay with you ;
I am so sorry for the flowers
We've loved the summer through :
I'm glad the sun shone out so warm,
That sweetly passed the hours,
And that the air was bright and still
On the last day of flowers.

A. KEARY

54.—THE OWL

I

WHEN cats run home and light is come,
And dew is cold upon the ground,
And the far-off stream is dumb,
And the whirring sail goes round,
And the whirring sail goes round ;
Alone and warming his five wits,
The white owl in the belfry sits.

II

When merry milkmaids click the latch,
And rarely smells the new-mown hay,
And the cock hath sung beneath the thatch
Twice or thrice his roundelay,
Twice or thrice his roundelay ;
Alone and warming his five wits,
The white owl in the belfry sits.

TENNYSON

55.—THE DEAD BIRD'S SONG.

BIRDIE is dead, little maiden ;
Gone to the dead-bird land :
He never will perch at your casement,
Never will come to your hand.
His bright little eyes are closed,
Still is each weary wing ;
There is only a far faint echo
Of the song he used to sing.

But at night, when you sleep, little maiden,
There will come to your dreaming ear
Such a chorus of magic music—
Such a wonder of pipings clear !
It will sing at your moonlit casement,
It will float round your little bed :
'Tis the song of your dear lost darling—
The heart of your birdie dead.

For under the earth and the grasses
The birdies cannot rest,
And their hearts fly back at midnight
To the hearts that have loved them best ;
And, hovering near in the moonlight
Where in dreams at peace we lie,
They sing us the old-world story
Of love that can never die.

F. E. WEATHERLY

56.—THE BROOM FLOWER

O THE Broom, the yellow Broom !
The ancient poet sung it ;
And dear it is on summer days
To lie at rest among it.

I know the realms where people say
The flowers have not their fellow :
I know where they shine out like suns,
The crimson and the yellow.

I know where ladies lie enchained
In luxury's silken fetters,
And flowers as bright as glittering gems
Are used for written letters.

But ne'er was flower so fair as this,
In modern days or olden :
It groweth on its nodding stem
Like to a garland golden.

And all about my mother's door
Shine out its glittering bushes,
And down the glen, where clear as light
The mountain water gushes.

Take all the rest : but give me this,
And the bird that nestles in it ;
I love it, for it loves the Broom—
The green and yellow linnet !

Well—call the Rose the queen of flowers,
And boast of that of Sharon,
Of Lilies like to marble cups,
And the golden rod of Aaron—

I care not how these flowers may be
Beloved of man or woman ;
The Broom it is the flower for me,
That groweth on the common.

O the Broom, the yellow Broom !
The ancient poet sung it ;
And dear it is on summer days
To lie at rest among it.

M. HOWITT

57.—FALSE FRIENDS-LIKE

WHEN I was still a boy and mother's pride,
A bigger boy spoke up to me so kind-like,
"If you do like, I'll treat you with a ride
In this wheel-barrow." So then I was blind-like
To what he had a-working in his mind-like,
And mounted for a passenger inside ;
And coming to a puddle—pretty wide,
He tipp'd me in a-grinning back behind-like.
So when a man may come to me so thick-like,
And shake my hand where once he passed me by,
And tell me he would do me this or that,
I can't help thinking of the big boy's trick-like,
And then, for all I can but wag my hat,
And thank him, I do feel a little shy.

W. BARNES

58.—THE COW AND THE ASS

BESIDE a green meadow a stream used to flow,
So clear, you might see the white pebbles below.
To this cooling brook the warm cattle would stray,
To stand in the shade, on a hot summer's day.

A cow, quite oppressed by the heat of the sun,
Came here to refresh, as she often had done ;
And, standing quite still, stooping over the stream,
Was musing, perhaps ; or perhaps she might dream.

But soon a brown ass of respectable look
Came trotting up also, to taste of the brook,
And to nibble a few of the daisies and grass :
“How d'ye do ?” said the cow.—“How d'ye do ?”
said the ass.

“Take a seat !” said the cow, gently waving her
hand.

“By no means, dear Madam,” said he, “while
you stand !”

Then, stooping to drink with a complaisant bow,
“Ma'am, your health !” said the ass. “Thank
you, Sir !” said the cow.

When a few of these compliments more had been
passed,
They laid themselves down on the herbage at last ;
And waiting politely—as gentlemen must—
The ass held his tongue, that the cow might speak
first.

Then with a deep sigh, she directly began :
“ Don’t you think, Mr. Ass, we are injured by man ?
’Tis a subject which lies with a weight on my mind :
We really are greatly oppressed by mankind.

“ Pray what is the reason—I see none at all—
That I always must go when Suke chooses to call ?
Whatever I’m doing—’tis certainly hard !—
I’m forced to leave off to be milked in the yard.

I’ve no will of my own, but must do as they please,
And give them my milk to make butter and cheese :
Sometimes I endeavour to knock down the pail,
Or give Suke a box on the ear with my tail !”

“ But, Ma’am,” said the ass, “ not presuming to
teach—
Oh dear ! I beg pardon—pray finish your speech :
Excuse my mistake,” said the complaisant swain ;
“ Go on, and I’ll not interrupt you again.”

“ Why, Sir, I was just then about to observe,
Those hard-hearted tyrants no longer I’ll serve ;
But leave them for ever to do as they please,
And look somewhere else for their butter and cheese.”

Ass waited a moment, as gentlemen can,
And then, “ Not presuming to teach,” he began,
“ Permit me to say, since my thoughts you invite,
I always saw things in a different light.

“ That you afford man an important supply,
No ass in his senses would ever deny ;
But then in return, ’tis but fair to allow
They are of some service to you, Mistress Cow.

"'Tis their pleasant meadow in which you repose,
And they find a shelter from winterly snows ;
For comforts like these we're indebted to man,
And for him, in return, should do all that we can."

The cow, upon this, cast her eyes on the grass,
Not pleased to be schooled in this way by an ass ;
"Yet," said she to herself, "though he's not very
bright,

I really believe that the fellow is right !"

JANE TAYLOR

59.—THE FAIRY QUEEN

COME, follow, follow me,
You fairy elves that be,
Which circle on the green ;
Come, follow Mab your queen.
Hand in hand let's dance around,
For this place is fairy ground.

When mortals are at rest,
And snoring in their nest,
Unheard and unespied
Through key-holes we do glide ;
Over tables, stools, and shelves,
We trip it with our fairy elves.

And, if the house be foul
With plates, dish, or bowl,
Up stairs we nimbly creep,
And find the sluts asleep :
There we pinch their arms and thighs ;
None escapes, nor none spies.

THE FAIRY QUEEN

But if the house be swept,
And from uncleanness kept,
We praise the household maid,
And duly she is paid :
For we use before we go
To drop a tester¹ in her shoe.

Upon a mushroom's head
Our table-cloth we spread ;
A grain of rye or wheat
Is manchet,² which we eat ;
Pearly drops of dew we drink,
In acorn cups fill'd to the brink.

The brains of nightingales,
With unctuous fat of snails,
Between two cockles stew'd,
Is meat that's easily chew'd ;
Tails of worms, and marrow of mice,
Do make a dish that's wondrous nice.

The grasshopper, gnat, and fly,
Serve for our minstrelsy ;
Grace said, we dance a while,
And so the time beguile :
And if the moon doth hide her head
The glow-worm lights us home to bed.

On tops of dewy grass
So nimbly do we pass,
The young and tender stalk
Ne'er bends when we do walk :
Yet in the morning may be seen
Where we the night before have been.

OLD BALLAD

¹ *Tester*, sixpence.

² *Manchet*, fine bread.

60.—THREE WORLDS

THERE is a world—my world,
Where the lambs and daisies grow ;
With a blue sky overhead unfurled,
And green wide fields below,
And brown streams hurrying by,
And a wealth of wheaten gold—
Oh ! why must the snow-cloud cover the sky,
And the sweet birds die in the cold ?

There is a world—mine too,
Where the month is always June,
And fairies frolic the whole night through,
And talk to the listening moon ;
But their tale is never told—
For, just when it thrills me most,
The fairies change into phantoms cold,
And the beautiful dream is lost !

There is a world—not mine :
Sometimes, where I kneel in prayer,
The place seems filled with a light divine
From the heart of the sunshine there ;
And a whisper stirs and grows,
Like the tide of a summer sea :
“ The world that only thy spirit knows
Is the fairest world of the three ! ”

ANON

61.—A HUNTING-SONG

HIE away ! hie away !
 Over bank and over brae¹—
 Where the copsewood is the greenest,
 Where the fountains glisten sheenest,
 Where the lady-fern grows strongest,
 Where the morning dew lies longest,
 Where the black-cock sweetest tips it,
 Where the fairy latest trips it ;
 Hie to haunts right seldom seen,
 Lovely, lonesome, cool, and green :
 Over bank and over brae—
 Hie away ! hie away !

W. SCOTT

62.—MY BABY

JUST four months old she is, my baby ;
 And what does it matter how old am I ?
 All the world is for me, my baby,
 Down on the pillow where you lie.

What does it matter how wide the world is,
 Or who has gold, or who has lands ?
 I have my world on baby's pillow,
 And she has hers in her dimpled hands.

Just four months old she is, my baby,
 And ah ! how swiftly the years go by !
 God keep her happy and good, my baby,
 When she is grown as old as I !

F. E. WEATHERLY

¹ *Brae*, hill-slope.

63.—SISTER AND BROTHER

PILE the leaves, brother—

It is so cold—so cold !

Give me the scarlet hips

And the dewberries to hold :

You may have all we gathered—

I am not hungry now.

Do you hear a robin singing,

Softly, from yonder bough ?

It is growing so dark, brother,

I can scarcely see your face ;

I can only hear the robin

In all the lonely place.

I wonder what he is saying

Out of his crimson breast !

Do you think it's a "hushaby, baby,"

To the little ones in his nest ?

It is growing so dark and still ;

But I will not be afraid :

I am saying over again

All the prayers we said,

And the hymn about the angels

Who watch for us night and day—

Hush ! the singing has stopped,

And the robin has flown away.

Are you awake, brother ? * * *

He does not stir in his sleep :

Not all my kisses can break it,

It is so still, so deep.

Do sweet dreams, I wonder,
Tempt him to forget?
Oh! we are both so tired,
I will not wake him yet;

I will lay my hands in his,
And my cold cheek on his breast:
So, we will sleep together—
A long, long rest.
Perhaps the robin will wake us
Before the dawn is bright;
Or the kind angels find us
And take us home to-night.

ANON.

64.—A DREAM

ONCE a dream did weave a shade
O'er my angel-guarded bed,
That an emmet¹ lost its way
Where on grass methought I lay.

Troubled, wilder'd, and forlorn,
Dark, benighted, travel-worn,
Over many a tangled spray,
All heart-broke, I heard her say:

“Oh, my children, do they cry?
Do they hear their father sigh?
Now they look abroad to see;
Now return, and weep for me.”

¹ *Emmet*, ant.

Pitying, I dropped a tear ;
But I saw a glow-worm near,
Who replied, "What wailing wight
Calls the watchman of the night ?

"I am set to light the ground,
While the beetle goes his round.
Follow now the beetle's hum :
Little wanderer, hie thee home !"

• W. BLAKE

65.—A SONG OF "WILLOW"

THE poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree—
Sing all a green willow ;
Her head on her bosom, her hand on her knee—
Sing willow, willow, willow.
The fresh streams ran by her, and murmured her
moans—
Sing willow, willow, willow ;
Her salt tears fell from her, and softened the
stones—
Sing willow, willow, willow.

W. SHAKSPEARE

66.—LUCY GRAY: OR, SOLITUDE

OFT I had heard of Lucy Gray :
And, when I crossed the wild,
I chanced to see at break of day
The solitary child.

No mate, no comrade, Lucy knew ;
She dwelt on a wide moor—
The sweetest thing that ever grew
Beside a human door !

You yet may spy the fawn at play,
The hare upon the green ;
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
Will never more be seen.

“ To-night will be a stormy night—
You to the town must go ;
And take a lantern, child, to light
Your mother through the snow.”

“ That, father ! will I gladly do :
'Tis scarcely afternoon—
The minster-clock has just struck two,
And yonder is the moon !”

At this the father raised his hook
And snapped a faggot-band ;
He plied his work ; and Lucy took
The lantern in her hand.

Not blither is the mountain roe :
With many a wanton stroke
Her feet disperse the powdery snow
That rises up like smoke.

The storm came on before its time ;
She wandered up and down ;
And many a hill did Lucy climb,
But never reached the town.

The wretched parents all that night
Went shouting far and wide ;
But there was neither sound nor sight
To serve them for a guide.

At day-break on a hill they stood
That overlooked the moor ;
And thence they saw the bridge of wood
A furlong from their door.

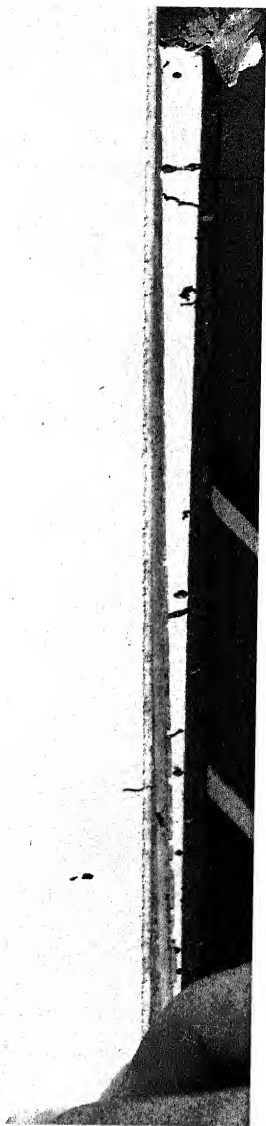
They wept—and, turning homeward, cried,
“ In heaven we all shall meet ! ”
When in the snow the mother spied
The print of Lucy's feet.

Then downwards from the steep hill's edge
They tracked the footmarks small ;
And through the broken hawthorn hedge,
And by the long stone wall ;

And then an open field they crossed :
The marks were still the same ;
They tracked them on, nor ever lost ;
And to the bridge they came.

They followed from the snowy bank
Those footmarks, one by one,
Into the middle of the plank,
And farther there were none !

Yet some maintain that to this day
She is a living child ;
That you may see sweet Lucy Gray
Upon the lonesome wild.



O'er rough and smooth she trips along,
And never looks behind ;
And sings a solitary song
That whistles in the wind.

W. WORDSWORTH

67.—THE HORNED OWL

IN the hollow tree in the gray old tower,
The spectral owl doth dwell ;
Dull, hated, despised in the sunshine hour ;
But at dusk he's abroad and well :
Not a bird of the forest e'er mates with him ;
All mock him outright by day ;
But at night, when the woods grow still and dim,
The boldest will shrink away.
O, when the night falls, and roosts the fowl,
Then, then is the reign of the horned owl !

And the owl hath a bride who is fond and bold,
And loveth the wood's deep gloom ;
And with eyes like the shine of the moonshine cold
She awaiteth her ghastly groom !
Not a feather she moves, not a carol she sings,
As she waits in her tree so still ;
But when her heart heareth his flapping wings,
She hoots out her welcome shrill !
O, when the moon shines, and the dogs do howl,
Then, then is the cry of the horned owl !

Mourn not for the owl nor his gloomy plight !

The owl hath his share of good :

If a prisoner he be in the broad daylight,

He is lord in the dark green wood !

Nor lonely the bird, nor his ghastly mate ;

They are each unto each a pride—

Thrice fonder, perhaps, since a strange dark fate

Hath rent them from all beside !

So when the night falls, and dogs do howl,

Sing ho ! for the reign of the horned owl !

We know not alway who are kings by day,

But the king of the night is the bold brown owl.

BARRY CORNWALL

68.—THE FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY OF
AGASSIZ

(A CELEBRATED NATURALIST)

It was fifty years ago,

In the pleasant month of May,

In the beautiful Pays de Vaud,

A child in its cradle lay.

And Nature, the old nurse, took

The child upon her knee,

Saying : " Here is a story-book

Thy Father has written for thee."

" Come, wander with me," she said,

" Into regions yet untrod ;

And read what is still unread

In the manuscripts of God."

LONDON RIVER

And he wandered away and away
With Nature, the dear old nurse,
Who sang to him night and day
The rhymes of the universe.

And whenever the way seemed long,
Or his heart began to fail,
She would sing a more wonderful song,
Or tell a more marvellous tale.

So she keeps him still a child,
And will not let him go,
Though at times his heart beats wild
For the beautiful Pays de Vaud ;

Though at times he hears in his dreams
The Ranz des Vaches¹ of old,
And the rush of mountain streams
From glaciers clear and cold ;

And the mother at home says, "Hark !
For his voice I listen and yearn ;
It is growing late and dark,
And my boy does not return !"

H. W. LONGFELLOW

69.—LONDON RIVER

ALL day long in the scorching weather,
All day long in the winter's gloom,
Brother and sister stand together,
She with her flowers, and he with his broom.

¹ *Ranz des Vaches*, cow melody.

And the folks go on over London river,
Poor and wealthy, busy and wise :
Will nobody see those white lips quiver ?
Will nobody stop for those pleading eyes ?

The old bridge echoes the ceaseless thunder
Of crowds that gather and stream along,
And the stranger child shrinks back in wonder :
She cannot sing in that hurrying throng.

She thinks of her home across the ocean
With its deep blue sky and its vineyards green ;
But who will heed, in that wild commotion,
The pitiful sound of her tambourine ?

Flow—flow—O London river !
Carry thy ships from the mighty town :
Tears and smiles in thy heart for ever—
Tears and smiles as thou hurriest down.

F. E. WEATHERLY

70.—THE LARK'S GRAVE

WE'LL plant a corn-flower on his grave,
And a grain of the bearded barley,
And a little blue-bell to ring his knell,
And eye-bright, blossoming early ;
And we'll cover it over
With purple clover,
And daisies, crimson and pearly.

And we'll pray the linnet to chant his dirge,
 With the robin and wren for chorus ;
 His mate, on high, shall rain from the sky
 Her benedictions o'er us ;
 And the hawks and owls,
 Those pitiless fowls,
 We'll drive away before us.

And then we'll leave him to his rest,
 And whisper soft above him,
 That ever his song was sweet and strong,
 Nor cloud nor mist could move him ;
 In his strain was a gladness
 To cure all sadness,
 And all fair things did love him.

— WESTWOOD

71.—A SPRING SONG

AS I was a-wandering ae morning in Spring,
 I heard a merry ploughman sae sweetly to sing ;
 And as he was singing thae words he did say,
 " There's nae life like the ploughman's in the
 month o' sweet May.

" The laverock¹ in the morning she'll rise frae her
 nest,
 And mount in the air with the dew on her breast ;
 And wi' the merry ploughman she'll whistle and
 sing,
 And at night she'll return to her nest back again."

R. BURNS

¹ *Laverock*, lark.

72.—THE CHILD'S FIRST GRIEF.

OH, call my brother back to me !
I cannot play alone ;
The summer comes with flower and bee—
Where is my brother gone ?

The butterfly is glancing bright
Across the sunbeam's track ;
I care not now to chase its flight—
Oh, call my brother back !

The flowers run wild—the flowers we sowed
Around our garden tree ;
Our vine is drooping with its load—
Oh, call him back to me !

"He would not hear thy voice, fair child !
He may not come to thee ;
The face that once like spring-time smiled
On earth no more thou'lt see.

"A rose's brief bright life of joy,
Such unto him was given ;
Go—thou must play alone, my boy !
Thy brother is in heaven."

And has he left the birds and flowers ;
And must I call in vain ?
And through the long, long summer hours
Will he not come again ?

And by the brook and in the glade
 Are all our wanderings o'er ?
 Oh while my brother with me played
 Would I had loved him more !

F. HEMANS

73.—THE LITTLE BIRD'S COMPLAINT TO HIS MISTRESS

HERE in this wiry prison where I sing,
 And think of sweet green woods, and long to
 fly—

Unable once to try my useless wing,
 Or wave my feathers in the clear, blue sky,—

Day after day the self-same things I see—
 The cold white ceiling, and this dreary house ;
 Ah ! how unlike my healthy native tree
 Rocked by the winds that whistled through the
 boughs.

Mild spring returning strews the ground with
 flowers,
 And hangs sweet May-buds on the hedges gay ;
 But no kind sunshine cheers my gloomy hours,
 No kind companion twitters on the spray.

Oh ! how I long to stretch my listless wings,
 And fly away as far as eye can see,
 And from the topmost bough, where Robin sings,
 Pour my wild songs, and be as blithe as he.

Why was I taken from the wavy nest,
The flowery fields, wide woods, and hedges
green—
Torn from my tender mother's downy breast,
In this sad prison-house to die unseen?

Why must I hear, in summer evenings fine,
A thousand happier birds in merry choirs?
And I, poor lonely I, in grief repine,
Caged by these wooden walls and golden wires?

Say not, the tuneful notes I daily pour
Are songs of pleasure, from a heart at ease:
They are but wailings at my prison door
Incessant cries to taste the open breeze!

Kind mistress, come, with gentle, pitying hand!
Unbar that curious grate, and set me free!
Then on the whitethorn bush I'll take my stand,
And sing sweet songs to freedom and to thee.

JANE TAYLOR

74.—THE PET LAMB

THE dew was falling fast, the stars began to blink;
I heard a voice; it said, "Drink, pretty creature,
drink!"
And, looking o'er the hedge, before me I espied
A snow-white mountain-lamb with a maiden at its
side.

No other sheep were near; the lamb was all
alone,
And by a slender cord was tethered to a stone;
With one knee on the grass did the little maiden
kneel,
While to that mountain-lamb she gave its evening
meal.

The lamb, while from her hand he thus his supper
took,
Seemed to feast with head and ears, and his tail
with pleasure shook.
“Drink, pretty creature, drink!” she said in such
a tone
That I almost received her heart into my own.

’Twas little Barbara Lewthwaite, a child of beauty
rare!
I watched them with delight; they were a lovely
pair.
Now with her empty can the maiden turned
away;
But ere ten yards were gone her footsteps did she
stay.

Right towards the lamb she looked; and from
that shady place
I unobserved could see the workings of her face:
If Nature to her tongue could measured numbers
bring,
Thus, thought I, to her lamb that little maid might
sing:

"What ails thee, young one, what? Why pull
so at thy cord?

Is it not well with thee? well both for bed and
board?

Thy plot of grass is soft, and green as grass can be:
Rest, little young one, rest; what is't that aileth
thee?

"What is it thou would'st seek? what is wanting
to thy heart?

Thy limbs are they not strong? and beautiful thou
art:

This grass is tender grass; these flowers they
have no peers;

And that green corn all day is rustling in thy ears!

"If the sun be shining hot, do but stretch thy
woollen chain;

This beech is standing by, its covert thou canst
gain.

For rain and mountain-storms! the like thou
need'st not fear—

The rain and storm are things that scarcely can
come here.

"Rest, little young one, rest; thou hast forgot the
day

When my father found thee first in places far away,
Many flocks were on the hills, but thou wert owned
by none,

And thy mother from thy side for ever more was
gone.

“He took thee in his arms, and in pity brought
thee home ;
A blessed day for thee ! then whither wouldst
thou roam ?
A faithful nurse thou hast ; the dam that did thee
yea
Upon the mountain-tops no kinder could have been.

“Thou know’st that twice a day I have brought
thee in this can
Fresh water from the brook, as clear as ever ran ;
And twice in the day, when the ground is wet with
dew,
I bring thee draughts of milk ; warm milk it is
and new.

“Thy limbs will shortly be twice as stout as they
are now,
Then I’ll yoke thee to my cart like a pony in the
plough ;
My playmate thou shalt be ; and when the wind
is cold
Our hearth shall be thy bed, our house shall be
thy fold.

“It will not, will not rest !—Poor creature, can it be
That ’tis thy mother’s heart which is working so
in thee ?
Things that I know not of belike to thee are
dear,
And dreams of things which thou canst neither
see nor hear.

"Alas, the mountain-tops that look so green and
fair !

I've heard of fearful winds and darkness that come
there :

The little brooks that seem all pastime and all play
When they are angry, roar like lions for their prey.

"Here thou need'st not dread the raven in the sky :
Night and day thou art safe,—our cottage is hard
by.

Why bleat so after me ? why pull so at thy chain ?
Sleep—and at break of day I will come to thee
again !"

—As homeward through the lane I went with lazy
feet,

This song to myself did I oftentimes repeat ;
And it seemed, as I retraced the ballad line by line,
That but half of it was hers, and one half of it was
mine.

"Again, and once again, did I repeat the song ;
Nay," said I, "more than half to the damsel
must belong.

For she looked with such a look, and she spake
with such a tone,
That I almost received her heart into my own."

W. WORDSWORTH

75.—A WINTER SONG

UP in the morning's no for me,
Up in the morning early ;
When a' the hills are cover'd wi' snaw,
I'm sure it's winter fairly.

Cauld blows the wind frae east to west,
The drift is driving sairly ;
Sae loud and shrill's I hear the blast,
I'm sure it's winter fairly.

The birds sit chattering¹ in the thorn,
A' day they fare but sparely ;
And lang's the night frae e'en to morn ;
I'm sure it's winter fairly.

R. BURNS

76.—CASABIANCA

THE boy stood on the burning deck,
Whence all but he had fled ;
The flame that lit the battle's wreck
Shone round him o'er the dead.

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
As born to rule the storm ;
A creature of heroic blood
A proud, though childlike form.

¹ *Chattering*, shivering.

The flames rolled on—he would not go
Without his father's word ;
That father, faint in death below,
His voice no longer heard.

He called aloud : " Say, father, say
If yet my task is done ?"
He knew not that the chieftain lay
Unconscious of his son.

" Speak, father," once again he cried,
" If I may yet be gone ?"
And but the booming shots replied,
And fast the flames rolled on.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,
And in his waving hair ;
And looked from that lone post of death
In still, yet brave despair.

And shouted but once more aloud,
" My father, must I stay ?"
While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud
The wreathing fire made way.

They wrapt the ship in splendour wild,
They caught the flag on high ;
And streamed above the gallant child,
Like banners in the sky.

There came a burst of thunder sound—
The boy—oh ! where was he ?
Ask of the winds that far around
With fragments strewed the sea ;

With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,
That well had borne their part—
But the noblest thing which perished there
Was that young faithful heart !

F. HEMANS

77.—MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here ;
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer ;
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,
The birth-place of valour, the country of worth ;
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high covered with
snow ;
Farewell to the straths and green valleys below ;
Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods ;
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here ;
My heart's in the Highlands, a-chasing the deer ;
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go !

R. BURNS

78.—THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

UNDER a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands ;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands,
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan ;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow ;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door ;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church
And sits among his boys ;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice
Singing in Paradise !
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies ;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling,—rejoicing,—sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes ;
Each morning sees some task begun,
Each evening sees it close ;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught !
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought ;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought !

H. W. LONGFELLOW

79.—THE LITTLE BLACK BOY

My mother bore me in the Southern wild,
And I am black ; but, oh, my soul is white !
White as an angel is the English child,
But I am black, as if bereaved of light.

My mother taught me underneath a tree,
And, sitting down before the heat of day,
She took me on her lap and kisséd me,
And, pointing to the east, began to say :

“ Look on the rising sun : there God does live,
And gives His light, and gives His heat away, •
And flowers and trees and beasts and men receive
Comfort in morning, joy in the noonday.

“ And we are put on earth a little space
That we may learn to bear the beams of love ;
And these black bodies, and this sunburnt face
Are but a cloud, and like a shady grove.

“ For, when our souls have learned the heat to bear,
The cloud will vanish ; we shall hear His voice
Saying, ‘ Come out from the grove, my love and care,
And round my golden tent like lambs rejoice.’ ”

Thus did my mother say, and kisséd me,
And thus I say to little English boy :
When I from black, and he from white cloud free,
And round the tent of God like lambs we joy,

I'll shade him from the heat till he can bear
To lean in joy upon our Father's knee ;
And then I'll stand, and stroke his silver hair,
And be like him ; and he will then love me.

W. BLAKE

80.—TO A BEE

THOU wert out betimes, thou busy, busy Bee !

As abroad I took my early way,
Before the cow from her resting-place
Had risen up and left a trace

On the meadow, with dew so gray,
Saw I thee, thou busy, busy Bee !

Thou wert working late, thou busy, busy Bee !

After the fall of the cistus flower,
When the primrose of evening was ready to burst,
I heard thee last, I saw thee first ;

In the silence of the evening hour,
Heard I thee, thou busy, busy Bee !

Thou art a miser, thou busy, busy Bee !

Late and early at employ ;
Still on thy golden stores intent,
Thy summer in heaping and hoarding is spent,
What thy winter will never enjoy ;
Wise lesson this for me, thou busy, busy Bee !

Little dost thou think, thou busy, busy Bee !

What is the end of thy toil.

When the latest flowers of the ivy are gone,
And all thy work for the year is done,

Thy master comes for the spoil.

Woe then for thee, thou busy, busy Bee !

R. SOUTHEY

81.—THE WRECK OF THE *HESPERUS*

It was the schooner *Hesperus*

That sailed the wintry sea ;

And the skipper had taken his little daughter

To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes, as the fairy flax,

Her cheeks like the dawn of day,

And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds

That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,

With his pipe in his mouth,

And watched how the veering flaw¹ did blow

The smoke now west, now south.

Then up and spake an old sailor

Had sailed the Spanish Main,

"I pray thee, put into yonder port,

For I fear a hurricane.

"Last night the moon had a golden ring,

And to-night no moon we see !"

The skipper, he blew a whiff from his pipe,

And a scornful laugh laughed he.

¹ *Flaw*, gust.

Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the north-east ;
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain
The vessel in its strength ;
She shuddered and paused, like a frightened steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.

"Come hither ! come hither ! my little daughter,
And do not tremble so ;
For I can weather the roughest gale
That ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat,
Against the stinging blast ;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

"O father ! I hear the church-bells ring,
O say, what may it be ?"
"'Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast !"
And he steered for the open sea.

"O father ! I hear the sound of guns,
O say, what may it be ?"
"Some ship in distress that cannot live
In such an angry sea !"

"O father ! I see a gleaming light,
O say, what may it be ?"
But the father answered never a word,
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face to the skies,
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands, and prayed
That savèd she might be ;
And she thought of Christ, who stilled the waves
On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept
Towards the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever the fitful gusts between
A sound came from the land ;
It was the sound of the trampling surf
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,
She drifted a dreary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew,
Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
Looked soft as carded wool,
But the cruel rocks, they gored her side,
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
With the masts, went by the board ;
Like a vessel of glass, she stove¹ and sank.
Ho ! ho ! the breakers roared !

¹ *Stove*, was broken in.

At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,
A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes :
And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed,
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the *Hesperus*,
In the midnight and the snow !
Christ save us all from a death like this
On the reef of Norman's Woe !

H. W. LONGFELLOW

82.—GOOD-MORROW

PACK, clouds, away ! and welcome, day !
With night we banish sorrow :
Sweet air, blow soft ! mount, lark, aloft !
To give my Love good-morrow ;
Wings from the wind, to please her mind,
Notes from the lark I'll borrow.
Bird, prune thy wing ! nightingale, sing !
To give my Love good-morrow.
To give my Love good-morrow,
Notes from them all I'll borrow.

Wake from thy nest, robin redbreast !
Sing, birds, in every furrow !

And from each hill let music shrill
Give my fair Love good-morrow.
Blackbird and thrush, in every bush—
Stare,¹ linnet, and cock-sparrow,
You pretty elves—amongst yourselves
Sing my fair Love good-morrow!
To give my Love good-morrow,
Sing, birds, in every furrow!

T. HEYWOOD

83.—ARIEL'S SONGS

I

COME unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Court'sied when you have and kissed
The wild waves whist,
Foot it feately here and there;
And, sweet sprites, the burthen bear.
(Burthen). *Hark, hark!*

Bow-wow.

The watch-dogs bark:

Bow-wow.

Hark, hark! I hear
The strain of strutting chanticleer,
Cry, Cock-a-diddle-dow.

2

Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;

¹ *Stare*, starling.

Those are pearls that were his eyes ;
 Nothing of him that doth fade
 But doth suffer a sea-change
 Into something rich and strange.
 Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell.
 (Burthen). *Ding-dong.*
 Hark ! now I hear them,—Ding-dong, bell.

3

Where the bee sucks, there suck I :
 In a cowslip's bell I lie ;
 There I couch when owls do cry.
 On the bat's back I do fly
 After summer merrily.
 Merrily, merrily, shall I live now
 Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.
 W. SHAKSPEARE

84.—TWILIGHT

THE twilight is sad and cloudy,
 The wind blows wild and free,
 And like the wings of sea-birds
 Flash the white caps of the sea.

But in the fisherman's cottage
 There shines a ruddier light,
 And a little face at the window
 Peers out into the night.

Close, close it is pressed to the window,
As if those childish eyes
Were looking into the darkness,
To see some form arise.

And a woman's waving shadow
Is passing to and fro,
Now rising to the ceiling,
Now bowing and bending low.

What tale do the roaring ocean,
And the night-wind, bleak and wild,
As they beat at the crazy casement,
Tell to that little child?

And why do the roaring ocean,
And the night-wind, wild and bleak,
As they beat at the heart of the mother,
Drive the colour from her cheek?
H. W. LONGFELLOW

85.—THE FAIRIES' NEST

THE children think they'll climb a tree,
For, by the sun and sky carest,
Perched at the very top, they see
A most delightful little nest.
"And ah," they cry, "for us, for us,
The bird his tiny treasure weaves,
That we may scale the fortress thus,
And snatch it from the faithless leaves."

Ever so high the boys ascend,
But still a weary world too low ;
The tender branches break and bend,
And whisper warnings as they go.
Oh, girls are very light and small ;
And so the eldest boy decrees,
If they are any use at all,
Their use must be to climb up trees !

Proud of the honour they confer,
A little laughing lissom thing—
The very boughs must humour her,
And aid her with their airy swing.
From branch to branch she makes her way,
Unconscious of the danger near,
A creature innocently gay,
Who never heard the name of fear.

No harm has ever touched her yet,
By tender arms her life is girt,
How can the universal pet
Believe that anything can hurt ?
As if the pleasant, rustling trees
Would break themselves that she might fall !
Why, everything is meant to please,
And she has perfect faith in all.

And so from branch to branch she goes,
And of no treason is afraid ;
She is a little queen, she knows,
And just for her the world is made.
Five happy summers has she known,
The darling of her home is she,
And all the boys delighted own
That she's the girl to climb a tree.

She will not rest—she does not stop ;
And now she climbs, and now she creeps,
Till she has reached the very top,
And sily in the nest she peeps.
Oh, wonderful ! no eggs she sees,
But sitting round with air polite,
Six little fairies, at their ease,
Playing Pope Joan with all their might !

Oh, if a bishop had been there,
Philosopher, or statesman wise,
How these would shake their heads and stare,
And that would rub his rev'rend eyes !
But children, to whom all is play,
And something new each hour must bring,
Find *everything* so strange that they
Are not surprised at *anything*.

For why should fairies in a nest
Be more a miracle to her,
Than sunset colours in the west,
Or berries in the juniper ?
When first she sees a robin fly,
Or lovely clouds dissolve in snow,
Or hears a lambkin's plaintive cry,
Each is a miracle, you know.

And fairies in a nest to find,
That she with cunning hand may steal,
Has nothing stranger to her mind
Than finding kittens in a creel ;
She only thinks how lucky she,
What praise from all the boys she'll meet ;
If senseless eggs they'd like to see,
Live fairies will be quite a treat !

How tenderly she takes the nest,
And chirps to it with lips that pout,
And holds it to her happy breast,
Without the shadow of a doubt.
She's but one hand to clasp the bough,
And help her little eager legs ;
She says, " If I should drop them now,
I wonder if they'd break like eggs ?"

Ah, child ! you were so near the sky !
A bright enchantment lingers there :
The very leaves—we know not why—
When near the sky are doubly fair.
And if a daring bird can place
Its little nest so near the sky,
It has a wonder and a grace—
We know not why—we know not why.

Ah, child ! the sky is growing far ;
The earth is nearer and more near ;
The fairies disappearing are,
And lo ! the tiny eggs appear.
'Tis only very near the skies,
Where all is innocent and blest,
That even little children's eyes
Can see the fairies in the nest.

" A "

86.—THE USE OF FLOWERS

GOD might have bade the earth bring forth
Enough for great and small,
The oak-tree and the cedar-tree,
Without a flower at all.

We might have had enough—enough
For every want of ours—
For luxury, medicine, and toil,
And yet have had no flowers.

The ore within the mountain mine
Requireth none to grow,
Nor doth it need the lotus-flower
To make the river flow.

The clouds might give abundant rain,
The nightly dews might fall,
And the herb that keepeth life in man
Might yet have drunk them all.

Then wherefore, wherefore were they made,
All dyed with rainbow light,
All fashioned with supremest grace,
Upspringing day and night ;—

Springing in valleys green and low,
And on the mountains high,
And in the silent wilderness
Where no man passes by?

Our outward life requires them not ;
Then, wherefore had they birth ?
To minister delight to man,
To beautify the earth.

To comfort man, to whisper hope
Whene'er his faith is dim ;
For who so careth for the flowers
Will much more care for him.

M. HOWITT

87.—THE NIGHT-PIECE

HER eyes the glow-worm lend thee,
The shooting stars attend thee ;
 And the elves also,
 Whose little eyes glow
Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee.

No Will-o'-the-Wisp mislight thee,
Nor snake or slow-worm bite thee ;
 But on, on thy way,
 Not making a stay,
Since ghost there's none to affright thee.

Let not the dark thee cumber ;
What though the moon does slumber ?
 The stars of the night
 Will lend thee their light,
Like tapers clear, without number.

Then, Julia, let me woo thee,
Thus; thus, to come unto me ;
 And when I shall meet
 Thy silvery feet,
My soul I'll pour into thee.

R. HERRICK

88.—THE FOUNTAIN

INTO the sunshine,
Full of the light,
Leaping and flashing
• From morn till night !

Into the moonlight,
Whiter than snow,
Waving so flower-like
When the winds blow !

Into the starlight,
Rushing in spray,
Happy at midnight,
Happy by day !

Ever in motion,
Blithesome and cheery,
Still climbing heavenward,
Never aweary ;

Glad of all weathers,
Still seeming best,
Upward or downward
Motion thy rest ;

Full of a nature
Nothing can tame,
Changed every moment,
Ever the same ;

FLOWER FANCIES

Ceaseless aspiring,
Ceaseless content,
Darkness or sunshine
Thy element ;

Glorious fountain !
Let my heart be
Fresh, changeful, constant,
Upward like thee !

J. R. LOWELL

89.—FLOWER FANCIES

LILY, fair Lily,
Why are you all in white ?
“ Child, I was born of the pale moonlight :
Where it fell through the night
Dank and chilly,
And touched with splendour the dreaming earth,
There had I birth.”

Tall Sunflower,
Where got you your disk of yellow ?
“ From the golden sun that laughed as I leapt
To greet him king without fellow !
He passed, but his smile I kept
Through storm and through shower—
A life-long dower.”

Rose, sweet Rose,
Why is your heart so red ?
“ From splendours shed

When the sky was a-flame with the sunset light ;
The crimson paled, and the day was dead ;
But its lustre a rosebud knows,
Born that night."

Flowers, you are fairies, I know :
Have you gifts to bestow ?
"Fain would we give thee thoughts as white
As the Lily ; a smile still bright
As hers who is loved by the sun ;
And a heart that glows,
Like the living heart of the Rose,
With love for God's creatures every one,
Till life be done."

ANON.

90.—PRIVATE WEALTH

THOUGH clock,
To tell how night draws hence, I've none,
A cock
I have to sing how day draws on ;
I have
A maid, my Prue, by good luck sent,
To save
That little, Fates me gave or lent ;
A hen
I keep, which, creaking¹ day by day,
Tells when

¹ *Creaking*, clucking.

Her owners can afford her !
I say, how's my John ?
"Every man on board went down,
Every man aboard her."

How's my boy—my boy ?
What care I for the men, sailor ?
I'm not their mother—
How's my boy—my boy ?
Tell me of him and no other !
How's my boy—my boy ?

S. DOBELL

92.—BARTHRAM'S DIRGE

THEY shot him dead at the Nine-Stone Rig,
Beside the Headless Cross ;
And they left him lying in his blood,
Upon the moor and moss.

They made a bier of the broken bough,
The sauch¹ and the aspin gray,
And they bore him to the Lady Chapel
And waked² him there all day.

A lady came to that lonely bower,
And threw her robes aside ;
She tore her ling-long yellow hair,
And knelt at Barthram's side.

¹ *Sauch*, willow.

² *Waked*, watched.

She bathed him in the Lady-Well—
His wounds so deep and sair—
And she plaited a garland for his breast,
And a garland for his hair.

They rowed him in a lily sheet,
And bare him to his earth ;
And the Gray Friars sung the dead man's mass,
As they passed the Chapel Garth.

They buried him at the mirk¹ midnight,
When the dew fell cold and still,
When the aspin gray forgot to play,
And the mist clung to the hill.

They dug his grave but a bare foot deep,
By the edge of the Nine-Stone Burn,
And they covered him o'er with the heather-flower,
The moss, and the lady-fern.

A Gray Friar staid upon the grave,
And sang till the morning tide ;
And a friar shall sing for Barthram's soul,
While the Headless Cross shall bide.

R. SURTEES

93.—A STORM SONG

THE clouds are scudding across the moon ;
A misty light is on the sea ;
The wind in the shrouds has a wintry tone,
And the foam is flying free.

¹ *Mirk*, dark.

Brothers, a night of terror and gloom
Speaks in the cloud and gathering roar ;
Thank God, He has given us broad sea-room,
A thousand miles from shore.

Down with the hatches on those who sleep !
The wild and whistling deck have we ;
Good watch, my brothers, to-night we'll keep,
While the tempest is on the sea !

Though the rigging shriek in his terrible grip,
And the naked spars be snapped away,
Lashed to the helm, we'll drive our ship
In the teeth of the whelming spray !

Hark, how the surges o'erleap the deck !
— Hark, how the pitiless tempest raves !
Ah ! daylight will look upon many a wreck
Drifting over the desert waves.

Yet, courage, brothers ! we trust the wave,
With God above us, our guiding chart ;
So, whether to harbour or ocean-grave,
Be it still with a cheery heart !

BAYARD TAYLOR

94.—ROBIN GOOD-FELLOW

FROM Oberon, in Fairyland,
The King of ghosts and shadows there,
Mad Robin I, at his command,
Am sent to view the night-sports here.

What revel rout
Is kept about,
In every corner where I go,
I will o'ersee,
And merry be,
And make good sport with ho, ho, ho !

More swift than lightning can I fly
About this airy welkin¹ soon,
And, in a minute's space, descry
Each thing that's done below the moon.
There's not a hag
Or ghost shall wag
Or cry, 'ware goblins ! where I go,
But Robin I
Their feats will spy
And send them home, with ho, ho, ho !

Whene'er such wanderers I meet,
As from their night-sports they trudge home ;
With counterfeiting voice I greet
And call them on, with me to roam
Thro' woods, thro' lakes,
Thro' bogs, thro' brakes ;
Or else, unseen, with them I go
All in the nick
To play some trick
And frolic it, with ho, ho, ho !

Sometimes I meet them like a man ;
Sometimes an ox, sometimes a hound ;
And to a horse I turn me can,
To trip and troll about them round.

¹ *Welkin*, sky.

But if, to ride
My back they stride,
More swift than wind away I go ;
O'er hedge and lands,
Thro' pools and ponds
I whirry, laughing, ho, ho, ho !

When lads and lasses merry be
With possets¹ and with juncates² fine ;
Unseen of all the company,
I eat their cakes, and sip their wine ;
And, to make sport,
I puff and snort ;
And out the candles I do blow :
The maids I kiss ;
They shriek—Who's this ?
I answer nought but ho, ho, ho !

Yet now and then, the maids to please,
At midnight I card up their wool ;
And while they sleep and take their ease,
With wheel to threads their flax I pull.
I grind at mill
Their malt up still ;
I dress their hemp, I spin their tow.
If any wake,
And would me take,
I wend me, laughing, ho, ho, ho !

When any need to borrow ought,
We lend them what they do require :
And for the use demand we nought ;
Our own is all we do desire.

¹ *Possets*, milk curdled with wine. ² *Juncates*, sweetmeats.

If to repay
They do delay,
Abroad amongst them then I go,
And night by night
I them affright
With pinchings, dreams, and ho, ho, ho !

When men do traps and engines set
In loop-holes, where the vermin creep,
Who from their folds and houses get
Their ducks and geese, and lambs and sheep :
I spy the gin
And enter in,
And seem a vermin taken so ;
But when they there
Approach me near,
I leap out laughing, ho, ho, ho !

By wells and rills, in meadows green,
We nightly dance our hey-day guise ;
And to our fairy king and queen
We chant our moonlight minstrelsies.
When larks 'gin sing,
Away we fling ;
And babes new-born steal as we go,
And elf in bed
We leave instead,
And wend us, laughing, ho, ho, ho !

From hag-bred¹ Merlin's time have I
Thus nightly revell'd to and fro :
And for my pranks men call me by
The name of Robin Good-Fellow.

¹ *Hag-bred*, witch-born.

Fiends, ghosts, and sprites,
 Who haunt the nights,
 The hags and goblins do me know ;
 And beldames old
 My feats have told ;
 So *vale, vale* ;¹ ho, ho, ho !

OLD BALLAD

95.—NOSE AND EYES

BETWEEN Nose and Eyes a strange contest arose ;
 The spectacles set them unhappily wrong ;
 The point in dispute was, as all the world knows,
 To which the said spectacles ought to belong.

—So Tongue was the lawyer, and argued the cause
 With a great deal of skill, and a wig full of
 learning ;
 While chief baron Ear sat to balance the laws,
 So fam'd for his talent in nicely discerning.

“ In behalf of the Nose it will quickly appear,
 And your lordship,” he said, “ will undoubtedly
 find,
 That the Nose has had spectacles always in wear,
 Which amounts to possession time out of mind.”

Then, holding the spectacles up to the court—
 —“ Your lordship observes they are made with a
 straddle,
 As wide as the ridge of the Nose is ; in short,
 Design'd to sit close to it, just like a saddle.

¹ *Vale*, farewell.

"Again, would your lordship a moment suppose
(Tis a case that has happen'd, and may be again)
That the visage or countenance had not a Nose,
Pray who would, or who could wear spectacles
then?

"On the whole it appears, and my argument shows
With a reasoning the court will never condemn,
That the spectacles plainly were made for the Nose,
And the Nose was as plainly intended for them."

Then, shifting his side (as a lawyer knows how),
He pleaded again in behalf of the Eyes:
But what were his arguments few people know,
For the court did not think they were equally wise.

So his lordship decreed with a grave solemn tone,
Decisive and clear, without one *if* or *but*—
That, whenever the Nose put his spectacles on,
By daylight or candlelight,—Eyes should be shut!
W. COWPER

96.—YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND

YE mariners of England,
That guard our native seas;
Whose flag has braved a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze!
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe!
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave !—
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And Ocean was their grave :
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
Your manly hearts shall glow
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow ;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep ;
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak,
She quells the floods below,
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy winds do blow ;
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn ;
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean warriors !
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow :
When the fiery fight is heard no more
And the storm has ceased to blow.

T. CAMPBELL

97.—BONNIE GEORGE CAMPBELL

HIE upon Hiellands,
And low upon Tay,
Bonnie George Campbell
Rade out on a day;
Saddled and bridled,
And gallant rade he :
Hame cam' his gude horse,
But hame cam' na he.

Out ran his auld mither,
Greeting¹ fu' sair ;
Out ran his bonnie bride,
Reaving² her hair.
Saddled and bridled
And booted rade he :
Hame cam' his gude horse,
But never cam' he.

“ My meadow lies green,
And my corn is unshorn ;
My barn is to bigg,³
And my babie's unborn.”
Saddled and bridled
And booted rade he :
Toom⁴ hame cam' the saddle,
And never cam' he.

OLD BALLAD

¹ *Greeting*, weeping.³ *Bigg*, build.² *Reaving*, rending.⁴ *Toom*, empty.

98.—JULY

WHEN the scarlet cardinal¹ tells
Her dream to the dragon-fly,
And the lazy breeze makes a nest in the trees
And murmurs a lullaby,
It is July.

When the tangled cobweb pulls
The corn-flower's blue cap awry,
And the lilies tall lean over the wall
To bow to the butterfly,
It is July.

When the heat like a mist-veil floats
And poppies flame in the eye,
And the silver note in the streamlet's throat
Has softened almost to a sigh,
It is July.

When the hours are so still that Time
Forgets them, and lets them lie
'Neath petals pink till the night stars wink
At the sunset in the sky,
It is July.

When each finger-post by the way
Says that Slumbertown is nigh:
When the grass is tall, and the roses fall,
And nobody wonders why,
It is July.

S. H. SWETT

¹ *Cardinal*, a kind of lobelia.

99.—A FAIRY SONG

IN the moony brake
When we laugh and wake,
And our dance begins,
Violets hang their chins
 Fast asleep—
While we laugh and leap.

Woodbine-leaves above,
Each a tiny dove,
Roost upon the bare
Winter-stems, and there
 Peaceful cling—
While we shout and sing.

On the rooty earth
Ferns of April's birth,
Brown and closely furled,
Doze like squirrels curled
 Warm and still—
While we frisk our fill.

Hark! our ears have caught
Sound of breath and snort
Near our beechen-tree,
Mixing carelessly!
 Sprites, away!
Fly as if 'twere day!

MICHAEL FIELD

100.—THE KNIGHT'S LEAP: A LEGEND
OF ALTENAHN

"So the foemen have fired the gate, men of mine;
And the water is spent and gone?
Then bring me a cup of the red Ahr wine—
I never shall drink but this one.

"And reach me my harness, and saddle my horse,
And lead him me round to the door:
He must take such a leap to-night perforce,
As horse never took before.

"I have fought my fight, I have lived my life,
I have drunk my share of wine;
From Trier to Coln there was never a knight
Led a merrier life than mine.

"I have lived by the saddle for years twoscore;
And if I must die on tree—
Why the old saddle-tree which has borne me of yore
Is the properest timber for me.

"So now to show bishop, and burgher, and priest,
How the Altenahr hawk must die:
If they smoke the old falcon out of his nest,
He must take to his wings and fly."

He harnessed himself by the clear moonshine,
And he mounted his horse at the door;
And he drained such a cup of the red Ahr wine,
As man never drained before.

He spurred the old horse, and he held him tight,
 And he leapt him out over the wall ;
 Out over the cliff, out into the night,
 Three hundred feet of fall.

They found him next morning below in the glen,
 With never a bone in him whole—
 A mass or a prayer now, good gentlemen,
 For such a bold rider's soul !

C. KINGSLEY

101.—WALTER VON DER VOGELWEID

VOGELWEID the Minnesinger,
 When he left this world of ours,
 Laid his body in the cloister,
 Under Würzburg's minster towers.

And he gave the monks his treasures,
 Gave them all with this behest :
 They should feed the birds at noontide,
 Daily on his place of rest ;

Saying, "From these wandering minstrels
 I have learnt the art of song :
 Let me now repay the lessons
 They have taught so well and long."

Thus the bard of love departed :
 And, fulfilling his desire,
 On his tomb the birds were feasted
 By the children of the choir.

Day by day, o'er tower and turret,
In foul weather and in fair,
Day by day in vaster numbers
Flocked the poets of the air ;

On the tree whose heavy branches
Overshadowed all the place,
On the pavement, on the tombstone,
On the poet's sculptured face,

On the cross-bars of each window,
On the lintel of each door,
They renewed the War of Wartburg,
Which the bard had fought before.

There they sang their merry carols,
Sang their lauds on every side ;
And the name their voices uttered
Was the name of Vogelweid.

Till at length the portly abbot
Murmured, "Why this waste of food ?
Be it changed to loaves henceforward
For our fasting brotherhood."

Then in vain o'er tower and turret,
From the walls and woodland nests,
When the minster bells rang noontide,
Gathered the unwelcome guests.

Then in vain, with cries discordant,
Clamorous round the Gothic spire,
Screamed the feathered Minnesingers,
For the children of the choir.

Time has long effaced the inscriptions
On the cloister's funeral stones,
And tradition only tells us
Where repose the poet's bones.

But around the vast cathedral,
By sweet echoes multiplied,
Still the birds repeat the legend,
And the name of Vogelweid.

H. W. LONGFELLOW

102.—GATHERING SONG OF DONALD
THE BLACK

PIBROCH¹ of Donuil Dhu,
Pibroch of Donuil,
Wake thy wild voice anew,
Summon Clan Conuil!
Come away, come away,
Hark to the summons!
Come in your war array,
Gentles and commons!

Come from deep glen, and
From mountain so rocky!
The war-pipe and pennon
Are at Inverlochy.
Come every hill-plaid, and
True heart that wears one!
Come every steel blade, and
Strong hand that bears one!

¹ *Pibroch*, Highland music.

Leave untended the herd,
The flock without shelter ;
Leave the corpse uninterred,
The bride at the altar ;
Leave the deer, leave the steer,
Leave net and barges ;
Come with your fighting gear,
Broadswords and targes !¹

Come as the winds come, when
Forests are rended !
Come as the waves come, when
Navies are stranded !
Faster come, faster come,
Faster and faster,
Chief, vassal, page and groom,
Tenant and master !

Fast they come, fast they come ;
See how they gather !
Wide waves the eagle plume
Blended with heather.
Cast your plaids, draw your blades,
Forward each man set !
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
Knell for the onset !

W. SCOTT

¹ *Targe*, shield.

103.—VIOLETS

WELCOME, maids of honour !
 You do bring
 In the Spring,
And wait upon her.

She has virgins many,
 Fresh and fair ;
 Yet you are
More sweet than any.

You're the maiden posies ;
 And so graced,
 To be placed
'Fore damask roses.

Yet, though thus respected,
 By and by
 Ye do lie,
Poor girls, neglected.

R. HERRICK

104.—THE LOSS OF THE *ROYAL*
GEORGE

TOLL for the brave :
 The brave that are no more :
All sunk beneath the wave
 Fast by their native shore.

L

Eight hundred of the brave,
Whose courage well was tried,
Had made the vessel heel,
And laid her on her side.

A land breeze shook the shrouds,
And she was overset ;
Down went the *Royal George*,
With all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave !
Brave Kempenfelt is gone ;
His last sea-fight is fought,
His work of glory done.

It was not in the battle ;
No tempest gave the shock ;
She sprang no fatal leak ;
She ran upon no rock.

His sword was in its sheath,
His fingers held the pen,
When Kempenfelt went down,
With twice four hundred men.

Weigh the vessel up,
Once dreaded by our foes !
And mingle with our cup
The tear that England owes.

Her timbers yet are sound,
And she may float again,
Full charged with England's thunder,
And plough the distant main ;

But Kempenfelt is gone,
His victories are o'er;
And he and his eight hundred
Shall plough the wave no more.

W. COWPER

105.—THE NIGHTINGALE

As it fell upon a day
In the merry month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade
Which a grove of myrtles made,
Beasts did leap, and birds did sing,
Trees did grow, and plants did spring;
Everything did banish moan,
Save the nightingale alone.
She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
Lean'd her breast up-till a thorn,
And there sung the dolefull'st ditty,
That to hear it was great pity:
"Fie, fie, fie," now would she cry;
"Tereu, tereu!" by and by;
That to hear her so complain,
Scarce I could from tears refrain;
For her griefs, so lively shown,
Made me think upon mine own.
"Ah!" thought I, "thou mourn'st in vain;
None takes pity on thy pain:
Senseless trees they cannot hear thee;
Ruthless beasts they will not cheer thee:
King Pandion¹ he is dead;
All thy friends are lapp'd in lead;

¹ *Pandion*, the father of Philomel (the nightingale).

All thy fellow birds do sing,
Careless of thy sorrowing.
Even so, poor bird, like thee,
None alive will pity me.
Whilst as fickle Fortune smiled,
Thou and I were both beguiled."

Every one that flatters thee
Is no friend in misery.
Words are easy, like the wind ;
Faithful friends are hard to find :
Every man will be thy friend
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend ;
But if store of crowns be scant,
No man will supply thy want.
If that one be prodigal,
Bountiful they will him call,
And with such-like flattering,
"Pity but he were a king ;"
But if Fortune once do frown,
Then farewell his great renown ;
They that fawned on him before
Use his company no more.
He that is thy friend indeed,
He will help thee in thy need :
If thou sorrow, he will weep ;
If thou wake, he cannot sleep ;
Thus of every grief in heart
He with thee doth bear a part.
These are certain signs to know
Faithful friend from flattering foe.

R. BARNEFIELD

106.—THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT
BRIGADE

HALF a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death,
Rode the six hundred.
"Forward, the Light Brigade !
Charge for the guns !" he said :
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

"Forward, the Light Brigade !"
Was there a man dismayed ?
Not tho' the soldier knew
Some one had blunder'd :
Their's not to make reply,
Their's not to reason why,
Their's but to do and die :
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volley'd and thunder'd ;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell
Rode the six hundred.

150 THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

Flash'd all their sabres bare,
Flash'd as they turn'd in air,
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
 All the world wonder'd :
Plunged in the battery-smoke,
Right thro' the line they broke ;
Cossack and Russian
Reel'd from the sabre-stroke
 Shatter'd and sunder'd.
Then they rode back, but not
 Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
 Volley'd and thunder'd ;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came thro' the jaws of Death,
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them,
 Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade ?
O the wild charge they made !
 All the world wonder'd.
Honour the charge they made !
Honour the Light Brigade,
 Noble six hundred !

TENNYSON

107.—A GIPSY SONG

THE fairy beam upon you !
The stars to glisten on you !
 A moon of light
 In the noon of night
Till the fire-drake¹ hath o'ergone you !
The wheel of Fortune guide you !
The Boy with the bow beside you
 Run aye in the way,
 Till the bird of day
And the luckier lot betide you !

BEN JONSON

108.—THE LARK AND THE NIGHTIN-
GALE

'Tis sweet to hear the merry lark
 That bids a blithe good-morrow ;
But sweeter to hark, in the twinkling dark,
 To the soothing song of sorrow.

Oh, nightingale ! what doth she ail ?
 And is she sad or jolly ?
For ne'er on earth was sound of mirth
 So like to melancholy.

The merry lark, he soars on high,
 No worldly thought o'ertakes him ;
He sings aloud to the clear blue sky,
 And the daylight that awakes him.

¹ *Fire-drake*, Will-o'-the-Wisp.

As sweet a lay, as loud, as gay,
The nightingale is trilling ;
With feeling bliss, no less than his,
Her little heart is thrilling.

Yet ever and anon, a sigh
Peers through her lavish mirth ;
For the lark's bold song is of the sky,
And her's is of the earth.

By night and day she tunes her lay,
To drive away all sorrow ;
For bliss, alas, to-night must pass,
And woe may come to-morrow.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE

109.—THE SANDS OF DEE

“O MARY, go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
Across the sands o' Dee !”

The western wind was wild and dank with foam,
And all alone went she.

The creeping tide came up along the sand,
And o'er and o'er the sand,
And round and round the sand,
As far as eye could see ;

The blinding mist came down and hid the land,
And never home came she.

Oh! is it weed, or fish, or floating hair?
A tress of golden hair,
Of drownèd maiden's hair
Above the nets at sea:
Was never salmon got that shone so fair
Among the stakes at Dee!

They rowed her in across the rolling foam,
The cruel, crawling foam,
The cruel, hungry foam,
To her grave beside the sea:
But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home
Across the sands o' Dee.

C. KINGSLEY

110.—THE POET'S SONG

THE rain had fallen, the Poet arose,
He pass'd by the town and out of the street,
A light wind blew from the gates of the sun,
And waves of shadow went over the wheat,
And he sat him down in a lonely place,
And chanted a melody loud and sweet,
That made the wild-swan pause in her cloud,
And the lark drop down at his feet.

The swallow stopt as he hunted the fly,
The snake slipt under a spray,
The wild hawk stood with the down on his beak,
And stared, with his foot on the prey,

154 DON JOSÉ'S MULE, JACINTHA

And the nightingale thought, "I have sung many
songs,
But never a one so gay,
For he sings of what the world will be
When the years have died away."

TENNYSON

III.—DON JOSÉ'S MULE, JACINTHA

In palmy days, now long gone by, no Don in
Cadiz city
Possessed a mule like Don José's, so useful or
so pretty.
O children, listen to my tale, and give a tear of
pity
To Don José's mule, Jacintha.

Once Don José had lived gaily, and then his
servants all,
From the head-cook in the kitchen to Jacintha in
her stall,
On every dainty fattened—but oh! there came a
fall
To Don José's mule, Jacintha.

Once Don José's purse was well filled, but his
hand was ever ready
To his brothers and his nephews, who were spend-
thriffs and unsteady—
"O my master, unwise givers sure at last them-
selves grow needy!"
Thought Don José's mule, Jacintha.

True enough, there came a morning when the
Alcayde's men were laying
Hands on all Don José's chattels, for there seemed
no way of paying
Otherwise his debts and bond-writs; then, oh,
sorrowful the braying
Of Don José's mule, Jacintha.

Poor Don José's house was ransacked of its
treasures old and new,
Pictures, gems, and suits of armour, gold and relics
from Peru:
Nothing spared they, even taking all the trappings
red and blue
Of Don José's mule, Jacintha.

But Don José was hidalgo of the true Quixotic
spirit—
If misfortune were upon him, far too proud was
he to fear it;
And quite worthy such a master, for the same
heroic merit,
Was Don José's mule, Jacintha.

With a stately contemplation glanced Don José on
his villa—
Glanced on every grove of myrtle and on every
marble pillar;
Thought of sunny olive vineyard and of luscious,
well-filled cellar—
Then of his mule, Jacintha.

Said Don José, "Not for fountains, nor for halls of
 gilded stone
 Was man's soul made, nor for riches, nor for meat
 and drink alone,
 But for grateful, true affection—and no other man
 shall own
 Don José's mule, Jacintha."

He continued contemplating, meantime smiling
 somewhat sadly—
 "Ah! 'tis well my servants left me—scanty fare
 would suit *them* badly;
 But there's one who bore me up-hill, and will bear
 me down as gladly—
 'Tis Don José's mule, Jacintha."

"She can do without her trappings; she'll not
 rage because her ration
 Comes at every meal-time shorter than her
 humblest expectation;
 Scorn she'll never dream of showing at my ruined
 situation—
 Will Don José's mule, Jacintha."

"She'll not tell me I was foolish—she'll not preach
 her own advice;
 She'll not constantly upbraid me in a half-condol-
 ing voice;
 But she'll serve me when I need her—and no gold
 shall be the price
 Of Don José's mule, Jacintha."

Then Don José mounted gaily, though his secret
heart was swelling,
And the two together travelled to a humble little
dwelling :
Said the Don, "For consolation, give me that
which has no telling,
Like Don José's mule, Jacintha's !"

Night and morning came Don José to Jacintha's
modest stable,
And his thin white hands would groom her with
the skill that they were able,
And the largest share of salad, from her master's
scanty table,
Had Don José's mule, Jacintha.

Every day he took an airing, and no king could
sit more stately :
Then Jacintha's ears pricked proudly, and she
moved her legs sedately ;
Oh, never fallen greatness was upheld by mule so
greatly
As Don José's by Jacintha.

Neither trotting, neither ambling, was her sober,
saddened pace,
But a kind of martial marching, full of dignity
and grace ;
Every cavalcade and palfrey, every chariot gay
gave place
To Don José's mule, Jacintha.

158 DON JOSÉ'S MULE, JACINTHA

When Don José empty-handed came unto the
stable door,
Far too proud for disappointment, or to show a
wish for more,
Gaily to her empty hay-rack, as if she'd ample
store,
Went Don José's mule, Jacintha.

Very solemn grew Jacintha, suiting thus her
master's mood ;
Very bare-ribbed grew Jacintha, but her head was
never bowed,
"We'll die like true Castilians," was the maxim
staunch and proud
Of Don José's mule, Jacintha.

True enough, there broke a morning when the
thin hand came no more,
With its scanty bunch of parsley, to Jacintha's
stable door ;
Then as one who lies down gladly when a hard
day's work is o'er,
Lay Don José's mule, Jacintha.

Softly then, the snow-flakes hurried from the
passing winter clouds,
And the master and the servant wrapped in white,
unspotted shrouds,
Till the spring-time brought the wild flowers, and
they bloom in coloured crowds,
O'er Don José and Jacintha.

M. BETHAM-EDWARDS

112.—THE REDBREAST AND THE
BUTTERFLY

ART thou the bird whom man loves best,
The pious bird with the scarlet breast,
 Our little English Robin ;
The bird that comes about our doors
When Autumn winds are sobbing ?
Art thou the Peter of Norway boors ?
 Their Thomas in Finland,
 And Russia far inland ?
The bird, whom by some name or other
All men who know thee call their brother,
The darling of children and men ?
Could Father Adam open his eyes,
And see this sight beneath the skies,
He'd wish to close them again.

If the Butterfly knew but his friend,
Hither his flight he would bend,
And find his way to me
Under the branches of the tree :
In and out, he darts about ;
Can this be the bird, to man so good,
That, after their bewildering,
Did cover with leaves the little children
 So painfully in the wood ?

What ailed thee, Robin, that thou could'st pursue
 A beautiful creature
That is gentle by nature ?

Beneath the Summer sky
 From flower to flower let him fly ;
 'Tis all that he wishes to do.
 The cheerer thou of our indoor sadness,
 He is the friend of our Summer gladness :
 What hinders, then, that ye should be
 Playmates in the sunny weather,
 And fly about in the air together !
 His beautiful wings in crimson are drest,
 A crimson as bright as thine own :
 If thou would'st be happy in thy nest,
 O pious bird ! whom man loves best,
 Love him, or leave him alone !

W. WORDSWORTH

113.—Y^E CARPETTE KNYGHTE

I HAVE a horse—a ryghte goode horse—
 Ne doe I envye those
 Who sçoure y^e playne yn headye course
 Tyll soddayne on theyre nose
 They lyghte wyth unexpected force :
 Yt ys—a horse of clothes.

I have a saddel—"Say'st thou soe ?
 Wyth styrruppes, Knyghte, to boote ?"
 I sayde not that—I answere "Noe"—
 Yt lacketh such, I woote :
 Yt ys a mutton-saddel, loe !
 Parte of y^e fleecye brute.

I have a bytte—a ryghte goode bytte—
As shall bee seene in tyme.
Y^e jawe of horse it wyll not fyte :
Yts use ys more sublyme.
Fayre Syr, how deemest thou of yt ?
Yt ys—thys bytte of rhyme.

LEWIS CARROLL

114.—AFTER THE ACCIDENT

(AT THE MOUTH OF THE SHAFT)

WHAT I want is my husband ;
And if you're a man, Sir,
You'll give me an answer—
Where is my Joe ?

Penrhyn, Sir, Joe—
Caernarvonshire.
Six months ago
Since we came here.
Eh ?—Ah, you know !

Well, I *am* quiet
And still :
But I must stand here,
And will !
Please—I'll be strong,
If you'll just let me wait
Inside o' that gate
Till the news comes along.

AFTER THE ACCIDENT

"Negligence"—

That was the cause?

Butchery!

Are there no laws—

Laws to protect such as we?

Well, then!

I won't raise my voice.

There, men!

I won't make no noise.

Only you just let me be.

Four, only four—did he say—

Saved! and the other ones?—Eh?

Why do they call?

Why are they all

Looking and coming this way?

What's that?—a message?

I'll take it.

I know his wife, Sir!

I'll break it.

"Foreman!"

Ay, ay!

"Out by and by—

Just saved his life.

Say to his wife

Soon he'll be free."

Will I?—God bless you!

It's *me*!

BRET HARTE

115.—THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE

NOT a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the ramparts we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot,
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly, at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him,
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him!

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollow'd his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
How the foe and the stranger would tread o'er
his head,
And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
 When the clock struck the hour for retiring ;
 And we heard the distant and random gun
 That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
 From the field of his fame fresh and gory ;
 We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
 But we left him alone with his glory.

C. WOLFE

116.—THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE

AND are ye sure the news is true ?
 And are ye sure he's weel ?
 Is this a time to think o' wark ?
 Ye jades, lay by your wheel ;
 Is this a time to spin a thread,
 When Colin's at the door ?
 Reach down my cloak, I'll to the quay,
 And see him come ashore.
 For there's nae luck about the house,
 There's nae luck at a' ;
 There's little pleasure in the house
 When our gudeman's awa'.

And gie to me my bigonet,¹
 My bishop's satin gown ;
 For I maun tell the bailie's wife
 That Colin's in the town.

¹ *Bigonet*, little cap.

My Turkey slippers maun gae on,
My stockings pearly blue ;
It's a' to pleasure our gudeman,
For he's baith leal¹ and true.

Rise, lass, and mak' a clean fireside,
Put on the muckle² pot ;
Gie little Kate her button gown
And Jock his Sunday coat ;
And mak' their shoon as black as slaes,
Their hose as white as snaw ;
It's a' to please my ain gudeman,
For he's been long awa'.

There's twa fat hens upo' the coop
Been fed this month and mair ;
Mak' haste and thraw their necks about,
That Colin weel may fare ;
And spread the table neat and clean,
Gar ilka thing look braw,³
For wha can tell how Colin fared
When he was far awa' ?

Sae true his heart, sae smooth his speech,
His breath like caller⁴ air ;
His very foot has music in't
As he comes up the stair :—
And will I see his face again ?
And will I hear him speak ?
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,
In troth I'm like to greet.⁵

¹ *Leal*, faithful.

² *Muckle*, big.

³ *Braw*, smart.

⁴ *Caller*, fresh.

⁵ *Greet*, cry.

THE BOY AND THE ANGEL

If Colin's weel, and weel content,
 I hae nae mair to crave,
 And gin I live to keep him sae,
 I'm blest aboon the lave :¹
 And will I see his face again,
 And will I hear him speak ?
 I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,
 In troth I'm like to greet.
 For there's nae luck about the house,
 There's nae luck at a' ;
 There's little pleasure in the house
 When our gudeman's awa'.

W. J. MICKLE

117.—THE BOY AND THE ANGEL

MORNING, evening, noon, and night,
 " Praise God !" sang Theocrite.

Then to his poor trade he turned,
 Whereby the daily meal was earned.

Hard he laboured, long and well ;
 O'er his work the boy's curls fell.

But ever, at each period,
 He stopped, and sang, " Praise God !"

Then back again his curls he threw,
 And cheerful turned to work anew.

¹ *Aboon the lave*, above the rest.

Said Blaise, the listening monk, "Well done ;
I doubt not thou art heard, my son ;

"As well as if thy voice to-day
Were praising God, the Pope's great way.

"This Easter Day, the Pope at Rome
Praises God from Peter's dome."

Said Theocrite, "Would God that I
Might praise Him, that great way, and die !"

Night passed, day shone,
And Theocrite was gone.

With God a day endures alway,
A thousand years are but a day.

God said in heaven, "Nor day nor night
Now brings the voice of my delight."

Then Gabriel, like a rainbow's birth,
Spread his wings and sank to earth ;

Entered in flesh the empty cell,
Lived there, and played the craftsman well ;

And morning, evening, noon and night,
Praised God in place of Theocrite.

And from a boy, to youth he grew :
The man put off the stripling's hue :

The man matured and fell away
Into the season of decay ;

And ever over the trade he bent,
And ever lived on earth content.

(He did God's will ; to him, all one
If on the earth or in the sun.)

God said, "A praise is in mine ear ;
There is no doubt in it, no fear ;

"So sing old worlds, and so
New worlds that from my footstool go.

"Clearer loves sound other ways :
I miss my little human praise."

Then sprang forth Gabriel's wings, off fell
The flesh disguise, remained the cell.

'Twas Easter Day ; he flew to Rome,
And paused above Saint Peter's dome.

In the tiring room close by
The great outer gallery,

With his holy vestments dight,
Stood the new Pope, Theocrite :

And all his past career
Came back upon him clear,

Since when, a boy, he plied his trade,
Till in his life the sickness weighed,

And in his cell, when death drew near,
An angel in a dream brought cheer,

And, rising from the sickness drear,
He grew a priest, and now stood here.

To the east with praise he turned,
And in his sight the angel burned.

"I bore thee from thy craftsman's cell,
And set thee here ; I did not well.

"Vainly I left my angel-sphere,
Vain was thy dream of many a year.

"Thy voice's praise seemed weak ; it dropped
—Creation's chorus stopped !

"Go back and praise again
The early way, while I remain.

"With that weak voice of our disdain
Take up creation's pausing strain.

"Back to the cell and poor employ :
Resume the craftsman and the boy !"

Theocrite grew old at home ;
A new Pope dwelt in Peter's dome.

One vanished as the other died :
They sought God side by side.

R. BROWNING

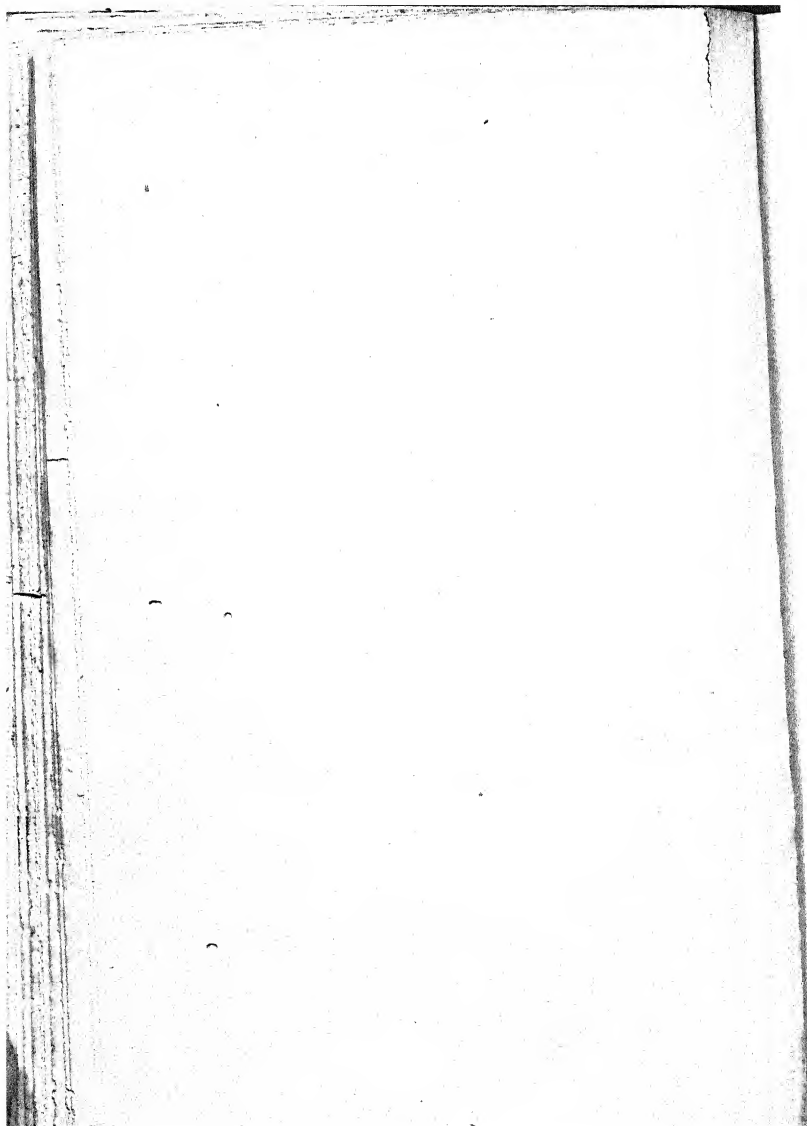
118.—A FAREWELL

MY fairest child, I have no song to give you ;
No lark could pipe to skies so dull and gray :
Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave you
For every day.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever ;
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long :
And so make life, death, and that vast for-ever
One grand, sweet song.

C. KINGSLEY

PART II



I.—MABEL ON MIDSUMMER DAY

PART I

"ARISE, my maiden Mabel,"
The mother said, "arise,
For the golden sun of midsummer
Is shining in the skies !

"Arise, my little maiden,
For thou must speed away
To wait upon thy grandmother
The livelong summer day ;

"And thou must carry with thee
This wheaten cake so fine,
This new-made pat of butter;
And this little flask of wine.

"And tell the dear old granny
This day I cannot come,
For thy father went out yesterday,
And is not yet come home.

"And more than this, poor Amy
Upon my knee doth lie ;
I fear me, with this fever-pain
The precious child will die !

MABEL ON MIDSUMMER DAY

"And thou canst help thy grandmother—
The table thou canst spread,
Canst feed the little dog and bird,
And thou canst make her bed ;

"And thou canst fetch the water
From the holy-well hard by ;
And thou canst gather in the wood
The faggots brown and dry ;

"Canst go down into lonesome glen
And milk the mother-ewe :
This is the work, my Mabel,
That thou wilt have to do.

"But listen now, my Mabel,
This is Midsummer day,
When all the fairy-people
From Elf-land come away.

"And when thou art in lonesome glen,
Lest mischief should befall,
Think only of poor Amy,
And how thou lov'st us all.

"Yet keep good heart, my Mabel,
If thou the fairies see,
And give them kindly answer,
If they should speak to thee.

"And when into the fir-wood
Thou go'st for faggots brown,
Do not, like idle children,
Go wandering up and down.

"But fill thy little apron,
My child, with earnest speed,
And that thou break no living bough
Within the wood, take heed.

"For they are spiteful brownies
Who in the wood abide,
So be thou careful of this thing
Lest evil should betide.

"But think not, little Mabel,
Whilst thou art in the wood,
Of dwarfish, wilful brownies,
But of the Father good.

"And when thou goest to the spring
To fetch the water thence,
Do not disturb the little stream,
Lest this should give offence.

"For the queen of all the fairies
She loves that water bright;
I've seen her drinking there myself
On many a summer night.

"But she's a gracious lady,
And her thou need'st not fear;
Only disturb thou not the stream,
Nor spill the water clear!"

"Now all this I will heed, mother,
Will no word disobey,
And wait upon the grandmother
The livelong summer day."

PART II

Away tripped little Mabel
With the wheaten cake so fine,
The new-made pat of butter,
And the little flask of wine.

And long before the sun was hot
And morning mists had cleared,
Beside the good old grandmother
The willing child appeared.

And all her mother's message
She told with right good will,
How that her father was away,
And the little child was ill.

And then she swept the hearth up clean,
And then the table spread,
And next she fed the dog and bird,
And then she made the bed.

"Now go, child," said the grandmother,
"Ten paces down the dell,
And bring up water for the day:
Thou know'st the holy-well!"

The first time that good Mabel went,
Nothing at all saw she
Except a bird—a sky-blue bird—
That sat upon a tree.

The next time that good Mabel went,
There sat a lady bright
Beside the well : a lady small,
All clothed in green and white.

A curtsy low made Mabel,
And then she stooped and filled
Her pitcher at the sparkling spring,
But not a drop she spilled.

"Thou art a handy maiden,"
The fairy lady said,
"Thou hast not spilled a drop, nor yet
The fair spring troubled !

"And for this thing which thou hast done,
Yet may'st not understand,
Thou shalt possess a better gift
Than houses or than land.

"Thou shalt do right whate'er thou dost,
As thou hast done this day ;
Shalt have the will and power to please,
And shalt be loved alway !"

Thus having said, she passed from sight,
And nought could Mabel see
Except the bird—the sky-blue bird—
That sat upon the tree.

"And now go," said the grandmother,
"And fetch in faggots dry
From out the neighbouring fir-wood ;
Beneath the trees they lie."

Away went cheerful Mabel
Into the fir-wood near,
Where all the ground was dry and brown,
And the grass grew thin and sere.

She did not wander up and down,
Nor yet a live branch pull;
But steadily of the fallen boughs
She picked her apron full.

And when the wild wood-brownies
Came sliding into her mind,
She drove them thence, as she was told,
By home thoughts sweet and kind.

But all that while the brownies
Within the fir-wood still,
They watched her how she picked the wood
And strove to do no ill.

"And oh, but she is small and neat!"
Said one, "'twere shame to spite
A creature so demure and meek,
A creature harmless quite!"

"Look only," said another,
"At her little gown of blue,
At the kerchief pinned about her head,
And at her tiny shoe!"

"Nay, but she is a comely child!"
Said a third, "and we will lay
A good-luck penny in her path,
A boon for her this day,
Because she broke no living wood,
No live thing did affray."

With that the smallest penny
Of the finest silver ore
Upon the dry and slippery path
Lay Mabel's feet before.

With joy she picked the penny up,
The fairy-penny good,
And with her faggots dry and brown
Went quickly from the wood.

"Now she has that," said the brownies,
"Let flax be ever so dear,
Will buy her clothes of the very best,
For many and many a year!"

"And now go," said the grandmother,
"Since falling is the dew,
Go now into the lonesome glen
And milk the mother-ewe!"

All down into the lonesome glen
Through copses thick and wild,
Through moist rank grass, by trickling streams,
Went on the willing child.

And when she came to lonesome glen,
She kept beside the burn,
And neither plucked the strawberry flower,
Nor broke the lady-fern.

And whilst she milked the mother-ewe
Within the lonesome glen,
She wished that little Amy
Were strong and well again.

And soon as she had wished the wish,
She heard a coming sound,
As if a thousand fairy-folk
Were gathering all around.

And then she heard a little voice,
Shrill as the midge's wing,
That spoke aloud, "A human child
Is here—yet mark this thing !

"The lady-fern is all unbroke,
The strawberry flower unta'en !
What shall be done for her who still
From mischief can refrain ?"

"Give her a fairy-cake," said one ;
"Grant her a wish," said three,
"The latest wish which she has wish'd,"
Said all, "whate'er it be !"

Kind Mabel heard the word they said,
And from the lonesome glen
Unto the good old grandmother
Went gladly back again.

Thus happened it to Mabel
On that Midsummer day,
And these three fairy-blessings
She took with her away.

'Tis good to make all duty sweet,
To be alert and kind—
'Tis good, like little Mabel,
To have a willing mind !

MARY HOWITT

2.—THE DIVERTING
HISTORY OF JOHN GILPIN

SHOWING HOW HE WENT FARTHER THAN HE
INTENDED, AND CAME SAFE HOME AGAIN

JOHN GILPIN was a citizen
Of credit and renown,
A trainband captain eke was he
Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear :
" Though wedded we have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we
No holiday have seen.

" To-morrow is our wedding-day,
And we will then repair
Unto the Bell at Edmonton
All in a chaise and pair.

" My sister, and my sister's child,
Myself, and children three,
Will fill the chaise ; so you must ride
On horseback after we."

He soon replied, "I do admire
Of womankind but one,
And you are she, my dearest dear,
Therefore it shall be done.

"I am a linen-draper bold,
As all the world doth know,
And my good friend the Calender
Will lend his horse to go."

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin, "That's well said;
And for that wine is dear,
We will be furnish'd with our own,
Which is both bright and clear."

John Gilpin kiss'd his loving wife;
O'erjoyed was he to find
That, though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,
But yet was not allow'd
To drive up to the door, lest all
Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stay'd,
Where they did all get in;
Six precious souls, and all agog
To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,
Were never folk so glad;
The stones did rattle underneath
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin, at his horse's side,
Seiz'd fast the flowing mane,
And up he got, in haste to ride,
But soon came down again ;

For saddletree scarce reach'd had he,
His journey to begin,
When, turning round his head, he saw
Three customers come in.

So down he came ; for loss of time
Although it grieved him sore,
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
Would trouble him much more.

'Twas long before the customers
Were suited to their mind,
When Betty screaming came downstairs,
" The wine is left behind ! "

" Good lack ! " quoth he—" yet bring it me,
My leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty sword
When I do exercise."

Now Mistress Gilpin (careful soul !)
Had two stone bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she lov'd,
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
Through which the belt he drew,
And hung a bottle on each side,
To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be
Equipp'd from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well brush'd and neat,
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones,
With caution and good heed.

But, finding soon a smoother road
Beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
Which gall'd him in his seat.

So, "Fair and softly!" John he cried,
But John he cried in vain,
That trot became a gallop soon,
In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must
Who cannot sit upright,
He grasp'd the mane with both his hands,
And eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort
Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought;
Away went hat and wig;
He little dreamt when he set out,
Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,
Like streamer, long and gay,
Till, loop and button failing both,
At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern
The bottles he had slung ;
A bottle swinging at each side,
As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children scream'd,
Up flew the windows all ;
And every soul cried out, " Well done ! "
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he ?
His fame soon spread around,
" He carries weight ! he rides a race !
'Tis for a thousand pounds ! "

And still, as fast as he drew near,
'Twas wonderful to view
How in a trice the turnpike men
Their gates wide open threw.

And now, as he went bowing down
His reeking head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back
Were shatter'd at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,
Most piteous to be seen,
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke,
As they had basted been.

But still he seem'd to carry weight,
With leathern girdle brac'd ;
For all might see the bottle-necks
Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington
These gambols he did play,
Until he came unto the Wash
Of Edmonton so gay.

And there he threw the Wash about
On both sides of the way,
Just like unto a trundling mop,
Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton his loving wife
From the balcony spied
Her tender husband, wond'ring much
To see how he did ride.

"Stop, stop, John Gilpin !—Here's the house,"
They all at once did cry ;
"The dinner waits, and we are tired !"
Said Gilpin, "So am I !"

But yet his horse was not a whit
Inclin'd to tarry there ;
For why ?—his owner had a house
Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew,
Shot by an archer strong ;
So did he fly—which brings me to
The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin out of breath,
And sore against his will,
Till at his friend the Calender's
His horse at last stood still.

The Calender, amazed to see
His neighbour in such trim,
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
And thus accosted him :

"What news ? what news ? your tidings tell ;
Tell me you must and shall—
Say why bare-headed you are come,
Or why you come at all !"

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
And lov'd a timely joke,
And thus unto the Calender
In merry guise he spoke :

"I came because your horse would come ;
And, if I well forebode,
My hat and wig will soon be here ;
They are upon the road."

The Calender, right glad to find
His friend in merry pin,
Return'd him not a single word,
But to the house went in ;

Whence straight he came with hat and wig ;
A wig that flow'd behind,
A hat not much the worse for wear,
Each comely in its kind.

• He held them up, and in his turn
 Thus showed his ready wit ;
 “ My head is twice as big as yours,
 They therefore needs must fit.

“ But let me scrape the dirt away
 That hangs upon your face ;
 And stop and eat, for well you may
 Be in a hungry case.”

Said John, “ It is my wedding-day,
 And all the world would stare
 If wife should dine at Edmonton,
 And I should dine at Ware.”

So, turning to his horse, he said,
 “ I am in haste to dine ;
 ’Twas for your pleasure you came here,
 You shall go back for mine.”

Ah, luckless speech, and bootless boast !
 For which he paid full dear ;
 For while he spake, a braying ass
 Did sing most loud and clear :

Whereat his horse did snort, as he
 Had heard a lion roar,
 And gallop’d off with all his might,
 As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away
 Went Gilpin’s hat and wig :
 He lost them sooner than at first,
 For why ?—they were too big.

Now Mistress Gilpin, when she saw
Her husband posting down
Into the country far away,
She pull'd out half-a-crown ;

And thus unto the youth she said
That drove them to the Bell,
"This shall be yours, when you bring back
My husband safe and well."

The youth did ride, and soon did meet
John coming back amain ;
Whom in a trice he tried to stop,
By catching at his rein ;

But not performing what he meant,
And gladly would have done,
The frighted steed he frighted more,
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went post-boy at his heels,
The post-boy's horse right glad to miss
The lumb'ring of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road,
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With post-boy scamp'ring in the rear,
They raised the hue and cry :

"Stop thief! stop thief!—a highwayman!"
Not one of them was mute ;
And all and each that pass'd that way
Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike gates again
Flew open in short space ;
The toll-men thinking as before
That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too,
For he got first to town ;
Nor stopp'd till where he first got up,
He did again get down.

Now let us sing, long live the King !
And Gilpin long live he !
And, when he next doth ride abroad,
May I be there to see !

W. COWPER

3.—HYND¹ HORN

NEAR the King's court was a young child born,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan;
And his name it was calléd Young Hynd Horn,
And the birk and the broom blooms bonnie.

Seven lang years he served the King,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan;
And it's a' for the sake o' his daughter Jean,
And the birk and the broom blooms bonnie.

The King an angry man was hé,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan;
He sent young Hynd Horn to the sea,
And the birk and the broom blooms bonnie.

O his love gave him a gay gold ring,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan;
With three shining diamonds set therein,
And the birk and the broom blooms bonnie.

“As lang as these diamonds keep their hue,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan;
Ye'll know I am a lover true,
And the birk and the broom blooms bonnie.

¹ Hynd, gentle.

"But when your ring turns pale and wan,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan;
Then I'm in love with another man,
And the birk and the broom blooms bonnie."

He's gone to the sea and far away,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan;
And he's stayed for seven lang years and a day,
And the birk and the broom blooms bonnie.

Seven lang years by land and by sea,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan;
And he's aften looked how his ring may be,
And the birk and the broom blooms bonnie.

One day when he look'd this ring upon,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan;
The shining diamonds were pale and wan,
And the birk and the broom blooms bonnie.

He hoisted sails, and hame cam' he,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan;
Hame unto his ain countrie,
And the birk and the broom blooms bonnie.

He's left the sea and he's come to land,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan;
And the first he met was an auld beggar-man,
And the birk and the broom blooms bonnie.

"What news, what news, my silly auld man?
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan;
For it's seven lang years since I saw this land,
And the birk and the broom blooms bonnie."

"No news, no news," doth the beggar-man say;
 With a hey lilllelu and a how lo lan;
"But our King's ae Daughter she's wedded to-day,
 And the birk and the broom blooms bonnie.

"Wilt thou give to me thy begging coat?
 With a hey lilllelu and a how lo lan;
And I'll give to thee my scarlet cloak,
 And the birk and the broom blooms bonnie.

"Give me your auld pike-staff and hat,
 With a hey lilllelu and a how lo lan;
And ye sall be right weel paid for that,
 And the birk and the broom blooms bonnie."

The auld beggar-man cast off his coat,
 With a hey lilllelu and a how lo lan;
And he's ta'en up the scarlet cloak,
 And the birk and the broom blooms bonnie.

He's gi'en him his auld pike-staff and hat,
 With a hey lilllelu and a how lo lan;
And he was right weel paid for that,
 And the birk and the broom blooms bonnie.

The auld beggar-man was bound for the mill,
 With a hey lilllelu and a how lo lan;
But young Hynd Horn for the King's ain hall,
 And the birk and the broom blooms bonnie.

When he came to the King's ain gate,
 With a hey lilllelu and a how lo lan;
He asked a drink for young Hynd Horn's sake,
 And the birk and the broom blooms bonnie.

These news unto the bonnie bride cam',
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan;
That at the gate there stands an auld man,
And the birk and the broom blooms bonnie.

There stands an auld man at the King's gate,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan;
He asketh a drink for young Hynd Horn's sake,
And the birk and the broom blooms bonnie.

The Bride cam' tripping down the stair,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan;
The combs o' fine goud in her hair,
And the birk and the broom blooms bonnie.

A cup o' the red wine in her hand,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan;
And that she gave to the beggar-man,
And the birk and the broom blooms bonnie.

Out o' the cup he drank the wine,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan;
And into the cup he dropt the ring,
And the birk and the broom blooms bonnie.

"O gat thou this by sea or by land?
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan.
Or gat thou it aff a dead man's hand?
And the birk and the broom blooms bonnie."

"I gat it neither by sea nor land,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan,
Nor gat I it from a dead man's hand,
And the birk and the broom blooms bonnie.

"But I gat it at my wooing gay,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan;
And I gie it to you on your wedding-day,
And the birk and the broom blooms bonnie."

"I'll cast aside my satin gown,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan,
And I'll follow you frae toun to toun,
And the birk and the broom blooms bonnie.

"I'll tak' the fine goud frae my hair,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan,
And follow you for evermair,
And the birk and the broom blooms bonnie."

He let his cloutie¹ cloak doun fa',
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan;
Young Hynd Horn shone above them a',
And the birk and the broom blooms bonnie.

The Bridegroom thought he had her wed,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan;
But she is young Hynd Horn's instead,
And the birk and the broom blooms bonnie.

OLD BALLAD

¹ Cloutie, ragged.

4.—STORIES FROM HIAWATHA

I.—HIAWATHA'S CHILDHOOD

By the shores of Gitche Gumee
By the shining Big-Sea-Water,
Stood the wigwam of Nokomis,
Daughter of the Moon, Nokomis.
Dark behind it rose the forest,
Rose the black and gloomy pine-trees,
Rose the firs with cones upon them ;
Bright before it beat the water,
Beat the clear and sunny water,
Beat the shining Big-Sea-Water.

There the wrinkled old Nokomis,
Nursed the little Hiawatha,
Rocked him in his linden cradle,
Bedded soft in moss and rushes,
Safely bound with reindeer sinews ;
Stilled his fretful wail by saying,
“Hush ! the Naked Bear will get thee !”
Lulled him into slumber, singing,
“Ewa-yea !¹ my little owlet !
Who is this, that lights the wigwam !
With his great eyes lights the wigwam ?
Ewa-yea ! my little owlet !”

Many things Nokomis taught him
Of the stars that shine in heaven ;
Showed him Ishkoodah, the comet,
Ishkoodah, with fiery tresses ;

¹ *Ewa-yea*, lullaby.

Showed the Death-Dance of the spirits,
Warriors with their plumes and war-clubs,
Flaring far away to northward
In the frosty nights of Winter ;
Showed the broad, white road in heaven,
Pathway of the ghosts, the shadows,
Running straight across the heavens,
Crowded with the ghosts, the shadows.

At the door on summer evenings
Sat the little Hiawatha,
Heard the whispering of the pine-trees,
Heard the lapping of the water,
Sounds of music, words of wonder ;
"Minne-wawa !" ¹ said the pine-trees,
"Mudway-aushka !" ² said the water.

Saw the fire-fly, Wah-wah-taysee,
Flitting through the dusk of evening,
With the twinkle of its candle
Lighting up the brakes and bushes ;
And he sang the song of children,
Sang the song Nokomis taught him :
"Wah-wah-taysee, little firefly,
Little, flitting, white-fire insect,
Little, dancing, white-fire creature,
Light me with your little candle,
Ere upon my bed I lay me,
Ere in sleep I close my eyelids !"

Saw the moon rise from the water,
Rippling, rounding from the water,
Saw the flecks and shadows on it,
Whispered, "What is that, Nokomis ?"
And the good Nokomis answered :

¹ *Minne-wawa*, sound of the wind in the trees.

² *Mudway-aushka*, sound of the waves on a shore.

“ Once a warrior, very angry,
Seized his grandmother, and threw her
Up into the sky at midnight,
Right against the moon he threw her ;
'Tis her body that you see there.”

Saw the rainbow in the heaven,
In the eastern sky the rainbow,
Whispered, “ What is that, Nokomis ?”
And the good Nokomis answered :

“ 'Tis the heaven of flowers you see there ;
All the wild-flowers of the forest,
All the lilies of the prairie,
When on earth they fade and perish,
Blossom in that heaven above us.”

When he heard the owls at midnight,
Hooting, laughing in the forest,
“ What is that ?” he cried, in terror ;
“ What is that ?” he said, “ Nokomis ?”
And the good Nokomis answered :
“ That is but the owl and owlet,
Talking in their native language,
Talking, scolding at each other.”

Then the little Hiawatha
Learned of every bird its language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How they built their nests in Summer,
How they hid themselves in Winter,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them “ Hiawatha's Chickens.”

Of all beasts he learned the language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How the beavers built their lodges,
Where the squirrels hid their acorns,
How the reindeer ran so swiftly,

Why the rabbit was so timid,
Talked with them when'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's Brothers."

Then Iagoo, the great boaster,
He the marvellous story-teller,
He the traveller and the talker,
He the friend of old Nokomis,
Made a bow for Hiawatha ;
From a branch, of ash he made it,
From an oak-bough made the arrows,
Tipped with flint, and winged with feathers,
And the cord he made of deer-skin.

Then he said to Hiawatha :
"Go, my son, into the forest,
Where the red deer herd together,
Kill for us a famous roebuck,
Kill for us a deer with antlers !"

Forth into the forest straightway
All alone walked Hiawatha
Proudly, with his bow and arrows :
And the birds sang round him, o'er him,
"Do not shoot us, Hiawatha !"
Sang the Opechee, the robin,
Sang the blue-bird, the Owaissa,
"Do not shoot us, Hiawatha !"

Up the oak-tree, close beside him,
Sprang the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
In and out among the branches,
Coughed and chattered from the oak-tree,
Laughed, and said between his laughing,
"Do not shoot me, Hiawatha !"

And the rabbit from his pathway
Leaped aside, and at a distance
Sat erect upon his haunches,

Half in fear, and half in frolic,
Saying to the little hunter,
"Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!"

But he heeded not, nor heard them,
For his thoughts were with the red deer;
On their tracks his eyes were fastened,
Leading downward to the river,
To the ford across the river,
And as one in slumber walked he.

Hidden in the alder-bushes,
There he waited till the deer came,
Till he saw two antlers lifted,
Saw two eyes look from the thicket,
Saw two nostrils point to windward,
And a deer came down the pathway,
Flecked with leafy light and shadow.
And his heart within him fluttered,
Trembled like the leaves above him,
Like the birch-leaf palpitated,
As the deer came down the pathway.

Then, upon one knee uprising,
Hiawatha aimed an arrow;
Scarce a twig moved with his motion,
Scarce a leaf was stirred or rustled,
But the wary roebuck started,
Stamped with all his hoofs together,
Listened with one foot uplifted,
Leaped as if to meet the arrow;
Ah! the singing, fatal arrow,
Like a wasp it buzzed and stung him!

Dead he lay there in the forest,
By the ford across the river;
Beat his timid heart no longer,
But the heart of Hiawatha

Throbb'd and shouted and exulted,
As he bore the red deer homeward,
And Iagoo and Nokomis
Hailed his coming with applauses.

From the red deer's hide Nokomis
Made a cloak for Hiawatha,
From the red deer's flesh Nokomis
Made a banquet in his honour.
All the village came and feasted,
All the guests praised Hiawatha,
Called him Strong-Heart, Soan-ge-taha!
Called him Loon-Heart,¹ Mahn-go-taysee!

II.—HIAWATHA'S FRIENDS

Two good friends had Hiawatha,
Singled out from all the others,
Bound to him in closest union,
And to whom he gave the right hand
Of his heart, in joy and sorrow;
Chibiabos, the musician,
And the very strong man, Kwasind.

Straight between them ran the pathway,
Never grew the grass upon it;
Singing-birds, that utter falsehoods,
Story-tellers, mischief-makers,
Found no eager ear to listen,
Could not breed ill-will between them,
For they kept each other's counsel,
Spake with naked hearts together,

¹ *Loon-Heart*, brave-heart.

Pondering much, and much contriving
How the tribes of men might prosper.

Most beloved by Hiawatha
Was the gentle Chibiabos,
He the best of all musicians,
He the sweetest of all singers.
Beautiful and childlike was he,
Brave as man is, soft as woman,
Pliant as a wand of willow,
Stately as a deer with antlers.

When he sang, the village listened ;
All the warriors gathered round him,
All the women came to hear him :
Now he stirred their souls to passion,
Now he melted them to pity.

From the hollow reeds he fashioned
Flutes so musical and mellow,
That the brook, the Sebowisha,
Ceased to murmur in the woodland,
That the wood-birds ceased from singing,
And the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
Ceased his chatter in the oak-tree,
And the rabbit, the Wabasso,
Sat upright to look and listen.

Yes, the brook, the Sebowisha,
Pausing, said, " O Chibiabos,
Teach my waves to flow in music,
Softly as your words in singing ! "

Yes, the blue-bird, the Owaisa,
Envious, said, " O Chibiabos,
Teach me tones as wild and wayward,
Teach me songs as full of frenzy ! "

Yes, the Opechee, the robin,
Joyous said, " O Chibiabos,

Teach me tones as sweet and tender,
Teach me songs as full of gladness !”

And the whippoorwill, Wawonaissa,
Sobbing, said, “O Chibiabos,
Teach me tones as melancholy,
Teach me songs as full of sadness !”

All the many sounds of nature
Borrowed sweetness from his singing,
All the hearts of men were softened
By the pathos of his music :
For he sang of peace and freedom,
Sang of beauty, love, and longing ;
Sang of death, and life undying
In the Islands of the Blessed,
In the kingdom of Ponemah,¹
In the land of the Hereafter,

Very dear to Hiawatha
Was the gentle Chibiabos,
He the best of all musicians,
He the sweetest of all singers ;
For his gentleness he loved him,
And the magic of his singing.

Dear, too, unto Hiawatha
Was the very strong man, Kwasind,
He the strongest of all mortals,
He the mightiest among many ;
For his very strength he loved him,
For his strength, allied to goodness.

Idle in his youth was Kwasind,
Very listless, dull, and dreamy,
Never played with other children,
Never fished and never hunted,
Not like other children was he ;

¹ *Ponemah*, hereafter.

But they saw that much he fasted,
Much his Manito entreated,
Much besought his Guardian Spirit.

"Lazy Kwasind!" said his mother,
"In my work you never help me!
In the Summer you are roaming
Idly in the fields and forests;
In the Winter you are cowering
O'er the firebrands in the wigwam!
In the coldest days of Winter
I must break the ice for fishing;
With my nets you never help me!
At the door my nets are hanging,
Dripping, freezing with the water;
Go and wring them, Yenadizze!¹
Go and dry them in the sunshine!"

Slowly, from the ashes, Kwasind
Rose, but made no angry answer;
From the lodge went forth in silence,
Took the nets that hung together,
Dripping, freezing at the doorway,
Like a wisp of straw he wrung them,
Like a wisp of straw he broke them,
Could not wring them without breaking,
Such the strength was in his fingers.

"Lazy Kwasind!" said his father,
"In the hunt you never help me;
Every bow you touch is broken,
Snapped asunder every arrow;
Yet come with me to the forest,
You shall bring the hunting homeward."

Down a narrow pass they wandered,
Where a brooklet led them onward,

¹ Yenadizze, idler.

Where the trail of deer and bison
Marked the soft mud on the margin,
Till they found all further passage
Shut against them, barred securely
By the trunks of trees uprooted,
Lying lengthwise, lying crosswise,
And forbidding further passage.

"We must go back," said the old man,
"O'er these logs we cannot clamber ;
Not a woodchuck could get through them,
Not a squirrel clamber o'er them !"
And straightway his pipe he lighted,
And sat down to smoke and ponder.
But before his pipe was finished,
Lo ! the path was cleared before him ;
All the trunks had Kwasind lifted
To the right hand, to the left hand,
Shot the pine-trees swift as arrows,
Hurled the cedars light as lances.

"Lazy Kwasind !" said the young men,
As they sported in the meadow,
"Why stand idly looking at us,
Leaning on the rock behind you ?
Come and wrestle with the others,
Let us pitch the quoit together !"

Lazy Kwasind made no answer,
To their challenge made no answer,
Only rose, and, slowly turning,
Seized the huge rock in his fingers,
Tore it from its deep foundation,
Poised it in the air a moment,
Pitched it sheer into the river,
Sheer into the swift Pauwating,
Where it still is seen in Summer.

Once as down that foaming river,
Down the rapids of Pauwating,
Kwasind sailed with his companions,
In the stream he saw a beaver,
Saw Ahmeek, the King of Beavers,
Struggling with the rushing currents,
Rising, sinking in the water.

Without speaking, without pausing,
Kwasind leaped into the river,
Plunged beneath the bubbling surface,
Through the whirlpools chased the beaver,
Followed him among the islands,
Stayed so long beneath the water,
That his terrified companions
Cried, "Alas! good-bye to Kwasind!
We shall never more see Kwasind!"
But he reappeared triumphant,
And upon his shining shoulders
Brought the beaver, dead and dripping
Brought the King of all the Beavers.

And these two, as I have told you,
Were the friends of Hiawatha,
Chibiabos, the musician,
And the very strong man, Kwasind.
Long they lived in peace together,
Spake with naked hearts together,
Pondering much, and much contriving
How the tribes of men might prosper.

III.—THE ADVENTURES OF PAU-PUK-KEEWIS

You shall hear how Pau-Puk-Keewis,
He, the handsome Yenadizze,

Whom the people called the Storm-Fool, .
Vexed the village with disturbance ;
You shall hear of all his mischief,
And his flight from Hiawatha,
And his wondrous transmigrations,
And the end of his adventures.

* * * * *

Over rock and over river,
Through the bush and brake and forest,
Ran the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis ;
Like an antelope he bounded,
Till he came unto a streamlet
In the middle of the forest,
To a streamlet still and tranquil,
That had overflowed its margin,
To a dam made by the beavers,
To a pond of quiet water,
Where knee-deep the trees were standing,
Where the water-lilies floated,
Where the rushes waved and whispered.

On the dam stood Pau-Puk-Keewis,
On the dam of trunks and branches,
Through whose chinks the water spouted,
O'er whose summit flowed the streamlet.
From the bottom rose a beaver,
Looked with two great eyes of wonder,
Eyes that seemed to ask a question,
At the stranger, Pau-Puk-Keewis.
On the dam stood Pau-Puk-Keewis,
O'er his ankles flowed the streamlet,
Flowed the bright and silvery water,
And he spake unto the beaver,
With a smile he spake in this wise :

“O my friend, Ahmeek, the beaver,

Cool and pleasant is the water ;
Let me dive into the water,
Let me rest there in your lodges ;
Change me, too, into a beaver !”

Cautiously replied the beaver,
With reserve he thus made answer :
“ Let me first consult the others,
Let me ask the other beavers.”
Down he sank into the water,
Heavily sank he as a stone sinks,
Down among the leaves and branches,
Brown and matted at the bottom.

On the dam stood Pau-Puk-Keewis,
O'er his ankles flowed the streamlet,
Spouted through the chinks below him,
Dashed upon the stones beneath him,
Spread serene and calm before him ;
And the sunshine and the shadows
Fell in flecks and gleams upon him,
Fell in little shining patches,
Through the waving, rustling branches.

From the bottom rose the beavers,
Silently above the surface
Rose one head and then another,
Till the pond seemed full of beavers,
Full of black and shining faces.

To the beavers Pau-Puk-Keewis
Spake entreating, said in this wise :
“ Very pleasant is your dwelling,
O my friends ! and safe from danger ;
Can you not with all your cunning,
All your wisdom and contrivance,
Change me, too, into a beaver ?”

“ Yes,” replied Ahmeek, the beaver,

He the King of all the beavers,
"Let yourself slide down among us,
Down into the tranquil water."

Down into the pond among them
Silently sank Pau-Puk-Keewis ;
Black became his shirt of deer-skin,
Black his moccasons¹ and leggings,
In a broad black tail behind him
Spread his fox-tails and his fringes ;
He was changed into a beaver.

"Make me large," said Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Make me large and make me larger,
Larger than the other beavers."

"Yes," the beaver chief responded,
"When our lodge below you enter,
In our wigwam we will make you
Ten times larger than the others."

Thus into the clear, brown water
Silently sank Pau-Puk-Keewis ;
Found the bottom covered over
With the trunks of trees and branches,
Hoards of food against the winter,
Piles and heaps against the famine,
Found the lodge with arching doorway
Leading into spacious chambers.
Here they made him large and larger,
Made him largest of the beavers,
Ten times larger than the others.

"You shall be our ruler," said they ;
"Chief and king of all the beavers."

But not long had Pau-Puk-Keewis
Sat in state among the beavers,
When there came a voice of warning

¹ *Moccasons*, deer-skin shoes.

From the watchman at his station
In the water-flags and lilies,
Saying, "Here is Hiawatha!
Hiawatha with his hunters!"

Then they heard a cry above them,
Heard a shouting and a tramping,
Heard a crashing and a rushing,
And the water round and o'er them
Sank and sucked away in eddies,
And they knew their dam was broken.

On the lodge's roof the hunters
Leaped and broke it all asunder;
Streamed the sunshine through the crevice,
Sprang the beavers through the doorway,
Hid themselves in deeper water,
In the channel of the streamlet;
But the mighty Pau-Puk-Keewis
Could not pass beneath the doorway;
He was puffed with pride and feeding,
He was swollen like a bladder.

Through the roof looked Hiawatha,
Cried aloud, "O Pau-Puk-Keewis!
Vain are all your craft and cunning,
Vain your manifold disguises!
Well I know you, Pau-Puk-Keewis!"

With their clubs they beat and bruised him,
Beat to death poor Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Pounded him as maize is pounded,
Till his skull was crushed to pieces.

Six tall hunters, lithe and limber,¹
Bore him home on poles and branches,
Bore the body of the beaver;
But the ghost, the Jeebi in him

¹ *Limber*, supple.

Thought and felt as Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Still lived on as Pau-Puk-Keewis.

And it fluttered, strove, and struggled,
Waving hither, waving thither
As the curtains of a wigwam
Struggle with their thongs of deer-skin,
When the wintry wind is blowing ;
Till it drew itself together,
Till it rose up from the body,
Till it took the form and features
Of the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Vanishing into the forest.

But the wary Hiawatha
Saw the figure ere it vanished,
Saw the form of Pau-Puk-Keewis
Glide into the soft blue shadow
Of the pine-trees of the forest ;
Toward the squares of white beyond it,
Toward an opening in the forest,
Like a wind it rushed and panted,
Bending all the boughs before it ;
And behind it, as the rain comes,
Came the steps of Hiawatha.

To a lake with many islands
Came the breathless Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Where among the water-lilies
Pishnekuh, the brant, were sailing ;
Through the tufts of rushes floating,
Steering through the reedy islands,
Now their broad black beaks they lifted,
Now they plunged beneath the water,
Now they darkened in the shadow,
Now they brightened in the sunshine.

"Pishnekuh !" cried Pau-Puk-Keewis,

"Pishnekuh, my brothers!" said he,
"Change me to a brant with plumage,
With a shining neck and feathers,
Make me large and make me larger,
Ten times larger than the others."

Straightway to a brant they changed him,
With two huge and dusky pinions,
With a bosom smooth and rounded,
With a bill like two great paddles,
Made him larger than the others,
Ten times larger than the largest,
Just as, shouting from the forest,
On the shore stood Hiawatha.

Up they rose with cry and clamour,
With a whirr and beat of pinions,
Rose up from the reedy islands,
From the water-flags and lilies.
And they said to Pau-Puk-Keewis:
"In your flying, look not downward,
Take good heed and look not downward,
Lest some strange mischance should happen,
Lest some great mishap befall you!"

Fast and far they fled to northward,
Fast and far through mist and sunshine,
Fed among the moors and fenlands,
Slept among the reeds and rushes.

On the morrow as they journeyed,
Buoyed and lifted by the South-wind,
Wafted onward by the South-wind
Blowing fresh and strong behind them,
Rose a sound of human voices.
Rose a clamour from beneath them,
From the lodges of a village,
From the people miles beneath them.

For the people of the village
Saw the flock of brant with wonder,
Saw the wings of Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Flapping far up in the ether,
Broader than two doorway curtains.

Pau-Puk-Keewis heard the shouting,
Knew the voice of Hiawatha,
Knew the outcry of lagoo,
And, forgetful of the warning,
Drew his neck in and looked downward,
And the wind that blew behind him
Caught his mighty fan of feathers,
Sent him wheeling, whirling downward !

All in vain did Pau-Puk-Keewis
Struggle to regain his balance !
Whirling round and round and downward,
He beheld in turn the village
And in turn the flock above him,
Saw the village coming nearer,
And the flock receding further,
Heard the voices growing louder,
Heard the shouting and the laughter,
Saw no more the flock above him,
Only saw the earth beneath him ;
Dead out of the empty heaven,
Dead among the shouting people,
With a heavy sound and sullen,
Fell the brant with broken pinions.

But his soul, his ghost, his shadow,
Still survived as Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Took again the form and features
Of the handsome Yenadizze,
And again went rushing onward
Followed fast by Hiawatha,

Crying : " Not so wide the world is,
Not so long and rough the way is,
But my wrath shall overtake you,
But my vengeance shall attain you ! "

And so near he came, so near him,
That his hand was stretched to seize him,
His right hand to seize and hold him,
When the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis
Whirled and spun about in circles,
Fanned the air into a whirlwind,
Danced the dust and leaves about him,
And amid the whirling eddies
Sprang into a hollow oak-tree,
Changed himself into a serpent,
Gliding out through root and rubbish.

With his right hand Hiawatha
Smote amain the hollow oak-tree,
Rent it into shreds and splinters,
Left it lying there in fragments.
But in vain ; for Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Once again in human figure,
Full in sight ran on before him,
Sped away in gust and whirlwind,
On the shores of Gitchee Gumee,
Westward by the Big-Sea-Water,
Came unto the rocky headlands,
To the Pictured Rocks of sandstone,
Looking over lake and landscape.

And the Old Man of the Mountain,
He the Manito of Mountains
Opened wide his rocky doorways,
Opened wide his deep abysses,
Giving Pau-Puk-Keewis shelter
In his caverns dark and dreary,

Bidding Pau-Puk-Keewis welcome
To his gloomy lodge of sandstone.

There without stood Hiawatha,
Found the doorway closed against him,
With his mittens, Minjekahwun,
Smote great caverns in the sandstone,
Cried aloud in tones of thunder,
"Open! I am Hiawatha!"

But the Old Man of the Mountain
Opened not, and made no answer
From the silent crags of sandstone,
From the gloomy rock abysses.

Then he raised his hands to heaven,
Called imploring on the tempest,
Called Waywassimo, the lightning,
And the thunder, Annemeekee;
And they came with night and darkness,
Sweeping down the Big-Sea-Water,
From the distant Thunder Mountains:
And the trembling Pau-Puk-Keewis
Heard the footsteps of the thunder,
Saw the red eyes of the lightning,
Was afraid, and crouched and trembled.

Then Waywassimo, the lightning,
Smote the doorways of the caverns,
With his war-club smote the doorways,
Smote the jutting crags of sandstone,
And the thunder, Annemeekee,
Shouted down into the caverns,
Saying, "Where is Pau-Puk-Keewis?"
And the crags fell, and beneath them,
Dead among the rocky ruins,
Lay the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Lay the handsome Yenadizze,

Slain in his own human figure.

Ended were his wild adventures,
Ended were his tricks and gambols,
Ended all his craft and cunning,
Ended all his mischief-making,
All his gambling and his dancing,
All his wooing of the maidens.

Then the noble Hiawatha
Took his soul, his ghost, his shadow,
Spake and said: "O Pau-Puk-Keewis!
Never more in human figure
Shall you search for new adventures,
Never more with jest and laughter
Dance the dust and leaves in whirlwinds,
But above there in the heavens
You shall soar and sail in circles;
I will change you to an eagle,
To Keneu, the great War-Eagle,
Chief of all the fowls with feathers,
Chief of Hiawatha's chickens."

And the name of Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Lingers still among the people,
Lingers still among the singers,
And among the story-tellers;
And in Winter, when the snow-flakes
Whirl in eddies round the lodges,
When the wind in gusty tumult
O'er the smoke-flue¹ pipes and whistles,
"There," they cry, "comes Pau-Ruk-Keewis;
He is dancing through the village,
He is gathering in his harvest!"

H. W. LONGFELLOW

¹ *Smoke-flue*, chimney.

5.—THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD

Now ponder well, you parents dear,
These words which I shall write ;
A doleful story you shall hear,
In time brought forth to light.
A gentleman of good account
In Norfolk dwelt of late,
Who did in honour far surmount
Most men of his estate.

Sore sick he was, and like to die,
No help his life could save ;
His wife by him as sick did lie,
And both possessed one grave.
No love between these two was lost,
Each was to other kind ;
In love they lived, in love they died,
And left two babes behind :

The one a fine and pretty boy,
Not passing three years old ;
The other a girl more young than he,
And framed in beauty's mould.
The father left his little son,
As plainly doth appear,
When he to perfect age should come,
Three hundred pounds a year ;

And to his little daughter Jane
Five hundred pounds in gold
To be paid down on marriage-day,
Which might not be controlled.
But if the children chance to die
Ere they to age should come,
Their uncle should possess their wealth ;
For so the will did run.

"Now, brother," said the dying man,
"Look to my children dear ;
Be good unto my boy and girl,
No friends else have they here :
To God and you I recommend
My children dear this day ;
But little while be sure we have
Within this world to stay.

"You must be father and mother both,
And uncle all in one ;
God knows what will become of them
When I am dead and gone."
With that bespake their mother dear,
"O brother kind," quoth she,
"You are the man must bring our babes
To wealth or misery :

"And if you keep them carefully,
Then God will you reward ;
But if you otherwise should deal,
God will your deeds regard."
With lips as cold as any stone,
They kissed their children small :
"God bless you both, my children dear !"
With that the tears did fall.

These speeches then their brother spake

To this sick couple there :

"The keeping of your little ones,

Sweet sister, do not fear :

God never prosper me nor mine,

Nor ought else that I have,

If I do wrong your children dear,

When you are laid in grave."

The parents being dead and gone,

The children home he takes,

And brings them strait unto his house,

Where much of them he makes.

He had not kept these pretty babes

A twelvemonth and a day,

But, for their wealth, he did devise

To make them both away.

He bargained with two ruffians strong,

Which were of furious mood,

That they should take these children young,

And slay them in a wood.

He told his wife an artful tale,

He would the children send,

To be brought up in fair London,

With one that was his friend.

Away then went those pretty babes

Rejoicing at that tide,

Rejoicing in a merry mind,

They should on cock-horse ride.

They prate and prattle pleasantly

As they rode on the way,

To those that should their butchers be,

And work their lives' decay.

So that the pretty speech they had
Made Murder's heart relent ;
And they that undertook the deed
Full sore did now repent.
Yet one of them more hard of heart
Did vow to do his charge,
Because the wretch that hired him
Had paid him very large.

The other won't agree thereto,
So here they fall to strife ;
With one another they did fight,
About the children's life ;
And he that was of mildest mood
Did slay the other there,
Within an unfrequented wood ;
The babes did quake for fear !

He took the children by the hand,
Tears standing in their eye,
And bade them straitway follow him,
And look they did not cry.
And two long miles he led them on,
While they for food complain ;
"Stay here," quoth he ; "I'll bring you bread
When I come back again."

These pretty babes, with hand in hand,
Went wandering up and down ;
But never more could see the man
Approaching from the town :
Their pretty lips with blackberries
Were all besmeared and dyed ;
And when they saw the darksome night
They sat them down and cried.

Thus wandered these poor innocents,
 Till death did end their grief;
 In one another's arms they died,
 As wanting due relief :
 No burial this pretty pair
 Of any man receives,
 Till Robin Redbreast piously
 Did cover them with leaves.

And now the heavy wrath of God
 Upon their uncle fell ;
 Yea, fearful fiends did haunt his house,
 His conscience felt an hell :
 His barns were fired, his goods consumed,
 His lands were barren made,
 His cattle died within the field,
 And nothing with him stayed.

And in a voyage to Portugal
 Two of his sons did die ;
 And to conclude, himself was brought
 To want and misery :
 He pawned and mortgaged all his land
 Ere seven years came about ;
 And now at length this wicked act
 Did by this means come out :

The fellow that did take in hand
 These children for to kill,
 Was for a robbery judged to die,
 Such was God's blessed will ;
 Who did confess the very truth,
 As here hath been displayed ;
 Their uncle having died in gaol,
 Where he for debt was laid.

You that executors be made
And overseers eke
Of children that be fatherless
And infants mild and meek ;
Take you example by this thing,
And yield to each his right,
Lest God with such like misery
Your wicked minds requite.

OLD BALLAD

6.—THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN.

HAMELIN Town's in Brunswick,
By famous Hanover city ;
 The river Weser, deep and wide,
 Washes its wall on the southern side ;
 A pleasanter spot you never spied ;
But, when begins my ditty,
 Almost five hundred years ago,
 To see the townsfolk suffer so
From vermin was a pity.

Rats !
They fought the dogs, and killed the cats,
 And bit the babies in the cradles,
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
 And licked the soup from the cooks' own
 ladles,
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
And even spoiled the women's chats,
 By drowning their speaking
 With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats.

At last the people in a body
 To the Town Hall came flocking :
" 'Tis clear," cried they, "our Mayor's a noddy ;
 And as for our Corporation—shocking

To think we buy gowns lined with ermine
 For dolts that can't or won't determine
 What's best to rid us of our vermin !
 You hope, because you're old and obese,
 To find in the furry civic robe ease ?
 Rouse up, sirs ! Give your brains a racking
 To find the remedy we're lacking,
 Or, sure as fate, we'll send you packing !"
 At this the Mayor and Corporation
 Quaked with a mighty consternation.

An hour they sate in council,
 At length the Mayor broke silence :
 "For a guilder¹ I'd my ermine gown sell ;
 I wish I were a mile hence !
 It's easy to bid one rack one's brain—
 I'm sure my poor head aches again .
 I've scratched it so, and all in vain,
 Oh for a trap, a trap, a trap !"
 Just at he said this, what should hap
 At the chamber door but a gentle tap ?
 "Bless us," cried the Mayor, "what's that?
 Only a scraping of shoes on the mat ?
 Anything like the sound of a rat
 Makes my heart go pit-a-pat !"

"Come in !"—the Mayor cried, looking bigger ;
 And in did come the strangest figure.
 His queer long coat from heel to head
 Was half of yellow and half of red ;
 And he himself was tall and thin,
 With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin,

¹ *Guilder*, about two shillings.

And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin ;
 No tuft on cheek, nor beard on chin,
 But lips where smiles went out and in—
 There was no guessing his kith and kin !
 And nobody could enough admire¹
 The tall man and his quaint attire :
 Quoth one : " It's as if my great-grandsire,
 Starting up at the Trump of Doom's tone,
 Had walked this way from his painted tomb-stone."

He advanced to the council-table :
 And, " Please your honour," said he, " I'm able
 By means of a secret charm, to draw
 All creatures living beneath the sun
 That creep, or swim, or fly, or run,
 After me so as you never saw !
 And I chiefly use my charm
 On creatures that do people harm,
 The mole, and toad, and newt, and viper,
 And people call me the Pied Piper."

(And here they noticed round his neck
 A scarf of red and yellow stripe,
 To match with his coat of the self-same check ;
 And at the scarf's end hung a pipe ;
 And his fingers, they noticed, were ever straying
 As if impatient to be playing
 Upon this pipe, as low it dangled
 Over his vesture so old-fangled.)

" Yet," said he, " poor piper as I am,
 In Tartary I freed the Cham,
 Last June, from his huge swarms of gnats ;
 I eased in Asia the Nigam
 Of a monstrous brood of vampire bats ;

¹ *Admire*, wonder at.

And, as for what your brain bewilders,
 If I can rid your town of rats
 Will you give me a thousand guilders?"
 "One? fifty thousand!"—was the exclamation
 Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation.

Into the street the Piper stept,
 Smiling first a little smile,
 As if he knew what magic slept
 In his quiet pipe the while;
 Then, like a musical adept,
 To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,
 And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled,
 Like a candle flame when salt is sprinkled;
 And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,
 You heard as if an army muttered;
 And the muttering grew to a grumbling;
 And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling;
 And out of the houses the rats came tumbling.
 Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
 Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats,
 Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
 Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
 Cocking tails and pricking whiskers,
 Families by tens and dozens,
 Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives—
 Followed the Piper for their lives.
 From street to street he piped advancing,
 And step by step they followed dancing,
 Until they came to the River Wesef,
 Wherein all plunged and perished
 —Save one, who, stout as Julius Cæsar,
 Swam across and lived to carry
 (As he the manuscript he cherished)

To Rat-land home his commentary,
 Which was, "At the first shrill notes of the pipe,
 I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,
 And putting apples, wondrous ripe,
 Into a cider-press's gripe,
 And a moving away of pickle-tub-boards,
 And a leaving ajar of conserve cupboards,
 And a drawing the corks of train-oil flasks,
 And a breaking the hoops of butter-casks ;
 And it seemed as if a voice
 (Sweeter far than by harp or by psaltery
 Is breathed) called out, 'O, rats, rejoice !
 The world is grown to one vast drysaltery !
 So munch on, crunch on, take your nunccheon,¹
 Breakfast, supper, dinner, luncheon !'
 And just as a bulky sugar-nunccheon,
 All ready staved, like a great sun shone
 Glorious, scarce an inch before me,
 Just as methought it said, 'Come, bore me !'
 —I found the Weser rolling o'er me."

You should have heard the Hamelin people
 Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple ;
 "Go," cried the Mayor, "and get long poles !
 Poke out the nests and block up the holes !
 Consult with carpenters and builders,
 And leave in our town not even a trace
 Of the rats !" —when suddenly up the face
 Of the piper perked in the market place,
 With a, "First, if you please, my thousand
 guilders !"

A thousand guilders ! The Mayor looked blue ;

¹ *Nuncheon*, old form of the word "luncheon."

So did the Corporation too.
 For council dinners made rare havoc
 With Claret, Moselle, Vin-de-Grave, Hock ;
 And half the money would replenish
 Their cellar's biggest butt with Rhenish.
 To pay this sum to a wandering fellow
 With a gipsy coat of red and yellow !
 "Besides," quoth the Mayor with a knowing
 wink,
 Our business was done at the river's brink ;
 We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,
 And what's dead can't come to life, I think.
 So, friend, we're not the folks to shrink
 From the duty of giving you something to drink,
 And a matter of money to put in your poke ;
 But, as for the guilders, what we spoke
 Of them, as you very well know, was in joke.
 Beside, our losses have made us thrifty ;
 A thousand guilders ! Come, take fifty !"

The Piper's face fell, and he cried,
 "No trifling ! I can't wait, beside !
 I've promised to visit by dinner-time
 Bagdat, and accept the prime
 Of the Head Cook's potage, all he's rich in,
 For having left, in the Caliph's kitchen,
 Of a nest of scorpions no survivor—
 With him I proved no bargain-driver ;
 With you, don't think I'll bate a stiver !
 And folks who put me in a passion
 May find me pipe to another fashion."

"How?" cried the Mayor, "d'ye think I'll brook
 Being worse treated than a cook ?

Insulted by a lazy ribald,
With idle pipe and vesture piebald ?
You threaten us, fellow ? Do your worst :
Blow your pipe there till you burst !”

Once more he stepped into the street,
And to his lips again
Laid his long pipe of smooth straight cane ;
And ere he blew three notes (such sweet
Soft notes as yet musicians cunning
Never gave the enraptured air)
There was a rustling, that seemed like a bustling
Of many crowds justling, at pitching and hustling ;
Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clatter-
ing,
Little hands clapping, and little tongues chatter-
ing,
And like fowls in a farmyard when barley is
scattering,
Out came the children running.
All the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.

The Mayor was dumb, and the Council stood
As if they were changed into blocks of wood,
Unable to move a step, or cry
To the children merrily skipping by—
And could only follow with the eye
That joyous crowd at the Piper's back.
But how the Mayor was on the rack,
And the wretched Council's bosoms beat,

As the Piper turned from the High Street
To where the Weser rolled its waters
Right in the way of their sons and daughters !
However, he turned from South to West,
And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed,
And after him the children pressed.
Great was the joy in every breast :

“ He never can cross that mighty top !

He's forced to let the piping drop,

And we shall see our children stop !”

When lo ! as they reached the mountain's side,
A wondrous portal opened wide,
As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed ;
And the Piper advanced and the children followed ;
And when all were in to the very last,
The door in the mountain side shut fast.
Did I say all ? No ! one was lame,
And could not dance the whole of the way ;
And in after years, if you would blame
His sadness, he was used to say,—

“ It's dull in our town since my playmates left ;

I can't forget that I'm bereft

Of all the pleasant sights they see,

Which the Piper also promised me :

For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,

Joining the town and just at hand,

Where waters gushed and fruit-trees grew,

And flowers put forth a fairer hue,

And everything was strange and new ;

The sparrows were brighter than peacocks
here,

And their dogs outran our fallow deer,

And honey-bees had lost their stings,

And horses were born with eagles' wings.

And just as I became assured
My lame foot would be speedily cured,
The music stopped, and I stood still,
And found myself outside the hill,
Left alone against my will,
To go now limping as before,
And never hear of that country more !”

Alas, alas for Hamelin !

There came into many a burgher's pate
A text which says that Heaven's Gate
Opes to the Rich at as easy rate,
As the needle's eye takes a camel in.
The Mayor sent East, West, North, and South,
To offer the Piper by word of mouth,

Wherever it was man's lot to find him,
Silver and gold to his heart's content,
If he'd only return the way he went,

And bring the children behind him.
But when they saw 'twas a lost endeavour,
And Piper and dancers were gone for ever,
They made a decree that lawyers never

Should think their records dated duly
If, after the date of the month and year,
These words did not as well appear,

“And so long after what happened here

On the twenty-second of July,

Thirteen hundred and seventy-six.”

And the better in memory to fix
The place of the children's last retreat,
They called it, the Pied Piper's Street—
Where any one playing on pipe or tabor,
Was sure for the future to lose his labour.
Nor suffered they hostelry or tavern

To shock with mirth a street so solemn ;
But opposite the place of the cavern

They wrote the story on a column,
And on the great church-window painted
The same, to make the world acquainted
How their children were stolen away ;
And there it stands to this very day.
And I must not omit to say
That in Transylvania there's a tribe
Of alien people, that ascribe
The outlandish ways and dress
On which their neighbours lay such stress,
To their fathers' and mothers' having risen
Out of some subterraneous prison
Into which they were trepanned¹
Long ago in a mighty band
Out of Hamelin town in Brunswick land ;
But how or why, they don't understand.

So, Willy, let you and me be wipers
Of scores out with all men—especially pipers :
And whether they pipe us free from rats or
from mice,
If we've promised them aught, let us keep our
promise.

R. BROWNING

¹ *Trepanned*, entrapped.

7.—THE ANGEL'S STORY

THROUGH the blue and frosty heavens
Christmas stars were shining bright ;
Glistering lamps throughout the city
Almost matched their gleaming light ;
While the winter snow was lying,
And the winter winds were sighing,
Long ago, one Christmas night.

While, from every tower and steeple,
Pealing bells were sounding clear,
(Never with such tones of gladness,
Save when Christmas time is near),
Many a one that night was merry
Who had toiled through all the year.

That night saw old wrongs forgiven,
Friends, long-parted, reconciled ;
Voices all unused to laughter—
Mournful eyes that rarely smiled—
Trembling hearts that feared the morrow—
From their anxious thoughts beguiled.

Rich and poor felt love and blessing
From the gracious season fall—
Joy and plenty in the cottage,
Peace and feasting in the hall ;
And the voices of the children
Ringing clear above it all.

THE ANGEL'S STORY

Yet one house was dim and darkened :
Gloom and sickness and despair
Dwelling in the gilded chambers,
Creeping up the marble stair ;
Even stilled the voice of mourning—
For a child lay dying there.

Silken curtains fell around him,
Velvet carpets hushed the tread,
Many costly toys were lying
All unheeded by his bed ;
And his tangled golden ringlets
Were on downy pillows spread.

The skill of all that mighty City
To save one little life was vain—
One little thread from being broken,
One fatal word from being spoken ;
Nay, his very mother's pain
And the mighty love within her
Could not give him health again.

So she knelt there still beside him—
She alone with strength to smile—
Promising that he should suffer
No more in a little while ;
Murmuring tender song and story
Weary hours to beguile.

Suddenly an unseen Presence
Checked those constant moaning cries,
Stilled the little heart's quick flutterings,
Raised those blue and wondering eyes—
Fixed on some mysterious vision
With a startled sweet surprise.

For a radiant angel hovered
Smiling o'er the little bed.
White his raiment ; from his shoulders
Snowy dove-like pinions spread,
And a star-like light was shining
In a glory round his head.

While, with tender love, the angel—
Leaning o'er the little nest,
In his arms the sick child folding—
Laid him gently on his breast,
Sobs and wailings told the mother
That her darling was at rest.

So the angel, slowly rising,
Spread his wings, and through the air
Bore the child ; and, while he held him
To his heart with loving care,
Placed a branch of living roses
Tenderly beside him there.

While the child, thus clinging, floated
Towards the mansions of the blest,
Gazing from his shining guardian
To the flowers upon his breast,
Thus the angel spake, still smiling
On the little heavenly guest :

“ Know, dear little one, that Heaven
Does no earthly thing disdain ;
Man's poor joys find there an echo
Just as surely as his pain ;
Love, on earth so feebly striving,
Lives divine in Heaven again.

“Once, in that great town below us,
In a poor and narrow street,
Dwelt a little sickly orphan ;
Gentle aid, or pity sweet,
Never in life's rugged pathway
Guided his poor tottering feet.

“All the striving anxious forethought,
That should only come with age,
Weighed upon his baby-spirit,
Showed him soon life's sternest page ;
Grim Want was his nurse, and Sorrow
Was his only heritage.

“All too weak for childish pastimes,
Drearly the hours sped ;
On his hands so small and trembling
Leaning his poor aching head,
Or through dark and painful hours
Lying sleepless on his bed ;

“Dreaming strange and longing fancies
Of cool forests far away ;
And of rosy, happy children
Laughing merrily at play,
Coming home through green lanes, bearing
Trailing boughs of blooming may.

“Scarce a glimpse of azure heaven
Gleamed above that narrow street,
And the sultry air of summer
(That you call so warm and sweet)
Fevered the poor orphan, dwelling
In the crowded alley's heat.

"One bright day, with feeble footsteps
Slowly forth he tried to crawl
Through the crowded city's pathways,
Till he reached a garden-wall ;
Where, 'mid princely halls and mansions,
Stood the lordliest of all.

"There were trees with giant branches,
Velvet glades where shadows hide ;
There were sparkling fountains glancing—
Flowers, which in luxuriant pride
Even wafted breaths of perfume
To the child who stood outside.

"He against the gate of iron
Pressed his wan and wistful face,
Gazing with an awe-struck pleasure
At the glories of the place ;
Never had his brightest day-dream
Shone with half such wondrous grace.

"You were playing in that garden,
Throwing blossoms in the air,
Laughing when the petals floated
Downwards on your golden hair,
And the fond eyes watching o'er you,
And the splendour spread before you,
Told a House's hope was there.

"When your servants, tired of seeing
Such a face of want and woe,
Turning to the ragged orphan,
Gave him coin and bade him go,
Down his cheeks so thin and wasted
Bitter tears began to flow.

“ But that look of childish sorrow
On your tender child-heart fell,
And you plucked the reddest roses
From the tree you loved so well—
Passed them through the stern, cold grating,
Gently bidding him ‘ Farewell !’

“ Dazzled by the fragrant treasure
And the gentle voice he heard,
In the poor forlorn boy's spirit
Joy, the sleeping seraph, stirred ;
In his hand he took the flowers,
In his heart the loving word.

“ So he crept to his poor garret—
Poor no more, but rich and bright ;
For the holy dreams of childhood—
Love and Hope and Rest and Light—
Floated round the orphan's pillow
Through the starry summer night.

“ Day dawned, yet the visions lasted ;
All too weak to rise he lay ;
Did he dream that none spake harshly—
All were strangely kind that day ?
Surely then his treasured roses
Must have charmed all ills away !

“ And he smiled, though they were fading ;
One by one their leaves were shed.
‘ Such bright things could never perish ;
They would bloom again,’ he said.
When the next day's sun had risen,
Child and flowers both were dead.

"Know, dear little one, our Father
Will no gentle deed disdain;
Love on the cold earth beginning
Lives divine in Heaven again;
While the gentle hearts that beat there
Still all tender thoughts retain."

So the angel ceased, and gently
O'er his little burthen leant,
While the child gazed from the shining
Loving eyes that o'er him bent
To the blooming roses by him,
Wondering what that mystery meant.

Thus the radiant angel answered,
And with tender meaning smiled:
"Ere your childlike loving spirit
Sin and the hard world defiled,
God has given me leave to seek you.
I was once that little child!"

* * * *

In the churchyard of that city
Rose a tomb of marble rare,
Decked, as soon as Spring awakened,
With her buds and blossoms fair;
And a humble grave beside it—
No one knew who rested there.

A. PROCTER

8.—THE GOLDEN BEE

PART I

WITH precious merchandise well stored, the
growth of Indian soil,
And costly work of Chinese hands, the patient
wealth of toil,
Upon the wave with sails outspread, like white-
winged bird at sea,
There sped a vessel, homeward bound, the gallant
Golden Bee.

Huge chests of fragrant tea she had for English
social boards,
And rainbow-tinted silks and scarves, and gold
and gems in hoards,
Grotesque and dainty ivories, carved by the deftest
hands,
For idle money-spenders in rich European lands.

The breeze was fair, the sky serene ; the captain's
heart was light,
As on the deck he lingered late, and watched the
coming night :
If sweet a homeward voyage after unpropitious
sail,
'Tis sweeter far when fortune smiles in port and
sea and gale.

The captain's manly heart rejoiced, for things had prospered well ;
His home on shore he'd reach ere long with much good news to tell,
For Parsee merchants happy news, and for his fair young wife,
Whose sweet affection made the joy and beauty of his life !

Ere long he'd kiss his bonnie boy, and hold him on his knee,
The while he'd listen eager-eyed to stories of the sea ;
Ere long he'd kiss his latest born, and then the captain smiled,
Smiled, father-like, to think of her, his little unseen child.

A tear ran down his sun-burnt cheek, a mild joy lit his eye—
So sweet the thoughts of love and home—so near they seemed to lie ;
His being thrilled with inner joy so sweet and strong and good,
He prayed, though uttering not a word : his prayer was understood.

Then one by one rose tremulous each little twinkling star,
And bright and cold Polaris¹ gleamed, that guided from afar :
Alone amid the solitude of starlit sky and sea,
On glided, as a soft-winged bird, the good ship
Golden Bee !

¹ *Polaris*, the pole-star.

But hark ! what sudden cry is that of sorrow and
affright,
That breaks like tempest unawares the stillness of
the night ;
That rouses all from rest and sleep to trouble and
dismay ;
That wakes the captain dreaming soft of home so
far away ?

Oh captain, wake ! 'tis but a dream—the harbour
is not won ;
Thou dost not clasp thy Mary's hand, nor kiss thy
little son ;
Thy baby sweetly sleeps ashore ; that shore is far
from thee :
Wake, captain, wake, though none but God can
save thy *Golden Bee* !

"The ship's on fire !" an awful cry to hear on
lonely seas,
With double danger in the breath of every favour-
ing breeze ;
But calm and ready for the need, the captain gave
command,
Imparting strength with every word unto his little
band.

For three whole days the vessel burned. Oh !
strange it seemed to be
Girt round with fires unquenchable upon the path-
less sea ;
For neither skill nor strength availed—the fatal
breezes blew—
Nearer and nearer came the end to ship and
gallant crew.

And all was lost. Those gorgeous silks would
sweep no palace now;
Those ivory fans would never feign a breeze for
beauty's brow;
Those aromatic leaves would soothe no weary
student's brain,
Nor freshen lips in fever heats upon a bed of
pain.

"Quick, man the boats! the ship is lost!" at last
the captain said,
And no man spoke, but straight and swift the
order was obeyed;
Then one by one the crew stepped forth, but all
beheld with tears
Their *Golden Bee* deserted, the home of many
years.

First had the captain snatched from flame, and
placed upon his breast,
A relic of departed days, of all his heart loved
best—
A little prayer-book well worn now, a gift in early
life,
Sweet token from his only love ere yet he called
her wife.

Amid a death-like silentness of breeze and sky
and sea
Beneath a brilliant tropic night they left the
Golden Bee;
And when they saw the blackened wreck totter
amid the wave,
Each sailor breathed a prayer to God, who yet
might spare and save.

Then forth upon a lonely sea, six hundred miles
from land,
The solitary boats sailed forth with that courageous
band ;
Sailed forth as drifts a withered leaf upon the
surging tide,
With only hope to be their strength, and only God
as guide.

No white sail specked the yellow sky, no cloud or
shadow came
To cool the canopy of light which seemed to be
afame ;
No breeze sprang up to aid their oars, no friendly
ray of light
Of distant ship shone forth to guide their dreary
way at night.

A fearful thing it was to float and helpless drift
away
Upon so vast a wilderness day after weary day ;
With meagre stores of food and drink, which ere
two days had rolled,
They measured out as never yet a miser did his
gold.

" Oh captain ! " cried a sailor boy, " I ran away
to sea,
And well I know my mother's heart has sorely
grieved for me ;
Will some one take my parting love ? I shall not
reach the shore."
And then he smiled a sad sweet smile, but smiled
and spoke no more.

They did not weep, but silent stood, and watched
the placid deep :
They thought with wistful hearts of him who slept
with blessed sleep ;
And one, a gaunt and wasted man, sent forth a
helpless cry,
“ Master, what boots our further toil ?—God save
us—or we die ! ”

“ Oh comrades ! ” cried the captain, “ have we
mothers, children, wives ?
The thoughts of them must give us all the strength
of double lives ;
Forget not how the widow’s cruse, though wasted,
filled again ;
We’ve yet the widow’s God o’erhead, and yet a
little grain.

“ Oh tender wives who live for us ! our hearts
consent to take
A little hope, a little faith for your beloved sake.
Oh children of our dearest love ! Oh pleasant
home ashore .
A thousand deaths our souls can brave to call ye
ours once more ! ”

PART II

Where palaces of merchant kings in marble
splendour rise,
And gleam beneath the burning blue of fair
Calcutta’s skies ;

Where orange groves and myrtle boughs perfume
the sultry air,
Abode the captain's fair young wife, and watched
his coming there.

She never heard the ocean waves or saw a ship
at sea,
Without a thought of him who steered the stately
Golden Bee :
She never kissed her babes at night or woke at
dawn of day,
Without a prayer that God would speed her sailor
on his way.

Days glided by and brought the time when every
ship might be
The one for which her soul grew sick of wistfulness
to see ;
Till came a morn when hope grew faint within her
patient heart,
When every sudden voice or step would make her
pale and start.

She held her children to her breast, and prayed
without a word
(Oftimes the breathed unspoken prayer by Heaven
is soonest heard) ;
Or if they heedless played or slept, the passion of
her grief
Would spend itself in bitter tears which brought
her no relief.

Then, as a calm and peaceful night follows a day
of rain,

And drooping plants will feel the sun and ope
their leaves again,
For sweetest sake of feeble babes, no helper by,
save One,
She learned to lead a widowed life and say, "Thy
will be done!"

One night, when by her bright boy's crib, her baby
on her breast,
She sang her evening cradle-song and hushed the
pair to rest,
A ship that bore a foreign flag rode calmly with
the tide,
And dropt its anchor in the port by the fair city's
side.

Before the mother's voice had ceased its singing
low and sweet,
A hasty footstep echoed through the silence of the
street;
And when the boy's blue dreamy eye sought for
her smile no more,
A figure passed the window-panes and paused
outside the door.

Then came a low-breathed tender voice: it only
murmured "Wife!"
And heart to heart the two were clasped, recalled
to new glad life.
For hours they hardly spoke a word, but shed
calm, blessed tears,
A hymn of thankfulness poured out to One who
always hears.

Ofttimes again the captain sped along the ocean
ways,
And lived again in memory those fearful ship-
wrecked days.
Full many a sailor knows the tale, and tells, as
told to me,
What hap befell the gallant crew saved from the
Golden Bee.

M. BETHAM-EDWARDS

9.—SCENES FROM FAIRYLAND

I.—PUCK AND A FAIRY

Puck. How now, spirit, whither wander you?

Fairy. Over hill, over dale,

Thorough bush, thorough brier,
Over park, over pale,

Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander everywhere,

Swifter than the moon's sphere ;

And I serve the Fairy Queen,

To dew her orbs upon the green.

The cowslips tall her pensioners¹ be :

In their gold coats spots you see ;

Those be rubies, fairy favours ;

In those freckles live their savours :

I must go seek some dewdrops here,

And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

Farewell, thou lob² of spirits ; I'll be gone :

Our Queen and all her elves come here anon.

Puck. The King doth keep his revels here to-
night :

Take heed the Queen come not within his sight ;

For Oberon is passing fell and wrath

¹ *Pensioners*, body-guard.

² *Lob*, clown, blockhead.

Because that she as her attendant hath
 A lovely boy, stolen from an Indian king ;
 She never had so sweet a changeling ;
 And jealous Oberon would have the child
 Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild ;
 But she perforce withholds the loved boy,
 Crowns him with flowers, and makes him all her
 joy :

And now they never meet in grove or green,
 By fountain clear, or spangled starlight sheen,
 But they do square,¹ that all their elves for fear
 Creep into acorn-cups and hide them there.

Fairy. Either I mistake your shape and making
 quite,

Or else you are that shrewd² and knavish sprite
 Called Robin Goodfellow : are not you he
 That frights the maidens of the villagery ;
 Skim milk, and sometime labour in the quern,³
 And bootless⁴ make the breathless housewife churn ;
 And sometime make the drink to bear no barm ;
 Mislead night-wanderers, laughing at their harm ?
 Those that Hobgoblin call you and sweet Puck,
 You do their work, and they shall have good luck :
 Are not you he ?

Puck. Thou speak'st aright ;
 I am that merry wanderer of the night.
 I jest to Oberon and make him smile
 When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,
 Neighing in likeness of a filly foal :
 And sometime lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
 In very likeness of a roasted crab,⁵

¹ *Square*, quarrel.

² *Shrewd*, mischievous.

³ *Quern*, hand-mill.

⁴ *Bootless*, to no purpose.

⁵ *Crab*, crab-apple.

And when she drinks, against her lips I bob.

But, room, fairy! here comes Oberon.

Fairy. And here my mistress. Would that he
were gone!

II.—OBERON AND PUCK.

Oberon. My gentle Puck, come hither. Thou
rememberest

Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back
Uttering such dulcet¹ and harmonious breath
That the rude sea grew civil at her song
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's music.

Puck.

I remember.

Oberon. That very time I saw, but thou couldst
not,

Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd: a certain aim he took
At a fair vestal throned by the west,
And loosed his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts;
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quenched in the chaste beams of the watery moon,
And the imperial votaress passed on
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.
Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell:
It fell upon a little western flower,
Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound,
And maidens call it love-in-idleness.²

¹ *Dulcet*, sweet.

² *Love-in-idleness*, the pansy.

Fetch me that flower; the herb I show'd thee once:
 The juice of it on sleeping eye-lids laid
 Will make or man or woman madly dote
 Upon the next live creature that it sees.
 Fetch me this herb; and be thou here again
 Ere the leviathan¹ can swim a league.

Puck. I'll put a girdle round about the earth
 In forty minutes. [*Exit.*

Oberon. Having once this juice,
 I'll watch Titania when she is asleep,
 And drop the liquor of it in her eyes.
 The next thing then she waking looks upon,
 Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull,
 On meddling monkey, or on busy ape,
 She shall pursue it with the soul of love:
 And ere I take this charm from off her sight,
 As I can take it with another herb,
 I'll make her render up her page to me.

[*Re-enter Puck.*

Hast thou the flower there? Welcome, wanderer.

Puck. Ay, there it is.

Oberon. I pray thee, give it me.

I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,
 Where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows,
 O'er-canopied with luscious² woodbine,
 With sweet musk-roses and with eglantine:³
 There sleeps Titania sometime of the night,
 Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight;
 And there the snake throws her enamell'd skin,
 Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in:
 And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes,
 And make her full of hateful fantasies.

¹ *Leviathan*, whale.

² *Luscious*, sweet-scented (three syllables).

³ *Eglantine*, sweet-brier.

III.—TITANIA'S LULLABY

Titania. Come, now a roundel¹ and a fairy song ;
Then, for the third part of a minute, hence ;
Some to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds,
Some war with rere-mice² for their leathern wings,
To make my small elves coats, and some keep back
The clamorous owl that nightly hoots and wonders
At our quaint spirits. Sing me now asleep ;
Then to your offices and let me rest.

Fairies (sing).

You spotted snakes with double³ tongue,
Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen ;
Newts⁴ and blind-worms, do no wrong,
Come not near our Fairy Queen.
Philomel,⁵ with melody
Sing in our sweet lullaby ;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby :
Never harm,
Nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh ;
So, good night, with lullaby.

Weaving spiders, come not here ;
Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence !
Beetles black, approach not near ;
Worm nor snail, do no offence.
Philomel, with melody,
Sing in our sweet lullaby ;

¹ Roundel, dance.

² Double, forked.

³ Philomel, the nightingale.

⁴ Rere-mice, bats.

⁵ Newts, lizards.

SCENES FROM FAIRYLAND

Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby :
 Never harm,
 Nor spell nor charm,
 Come our lovely lady nigh ;
 So, good night, with lullaby.
A Fairy. Hence, away ! now all is well :
 One aloof stand sentinel.

[*Exeunt Fairies.*

[*Enter Oberon.*

Oberon (squeezing the flower on Titania's eyelids).
 What thou seest when thou dost wake
 Do it for thy true-love take,
 Love and languish for his sake :
 Be it ounce, or cat, or bear,
 Pard,¹ or boar with bristled hair,
 In thy eye that shall appear
 When thou wakest, it is thy dear :
 Wake when some vile thing is near.

IV.—TITANIA AND BOTTOM (*on whom Puck has
 put an ass's head*).

Bottom (sings).

The ousel cock² so black of hue,
 With orange-tawny bill,
 The throstle³ with his note so true,
 The wren with little quill,—

Titania (awakes). What angel wakes me from
 my flowery bed ?

¹ *Pard*, leopard.

² *Ousel-cock*, blackbird.

³ *Throstle*, thrush.

I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again :
 Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note ;
 So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape ;
 And thy fair virtue's force perforce doth move me
 On the first view to say, to swear, I love thee.

Bottom. Methinks, mistress, you should have little reason for that : and yet, to say the truth, reason and love keep little company together now-a-days the more the pity that some honest neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I can gleek¹ upon occasion.

Titania. Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

Bottom. Not so, neither : but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine own turn.

Titania. Out of this wood do not desire to go :
 Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no.
 I am a spirit of no common rate :
 The summer still doth tend upon my state ;
 And I do love thee : therefore, go with me ;
 I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee,
 And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,
 And sing while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep :
 And I will purge thy mortal grossness so
 That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.
 Peaseblossom ! Cobweb ! Moth ! and Mustard-
 seed !

[Enter Fairies.

Peaseblossom. Ready.

Cobweb.

And I.

Moth.

And I.

Mustardseed.

And I.

All.

Where shall we go ?

¹ Gleek, scoff.

Titania. Be kind and courteous to this gentleman;
Hop in his walks and gambol in his eyes;
Feed him with apricocks and dewberries,
With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries;
The honey-bags steal from the humble-bees,
And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighs,
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,
To have my love to bed and to arise;
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies
To fan the moonbeams from his sleeping eyes:
Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

Peaseblossom. Hail, mortal!

Cobweb. Hail!

Moth. Hail!

Mustardseed. Hail!

Bottom. I cry your worships mercy, heartily: I
beseech your worship's name?

Cobweb. Cobweb.

Bottom. I shall desire you of more acquaintance,
good Master Cobweb: if I cut my finger, I shall
make bold with you. Your name, honest gentle-
man?

Peaseblossom. Peaseblossom.

Bottom. I pray you, commend me to Mistress
Squash,¹ your mother, and to Master Peasecod,
your father. Good Master Peaseblossom, I shall
desire you of more acquaintance too. Your name,
I beseech you, sir?

Mustardseed. Mustardseed.

Bottom. Good Master Mustardseed, I know
your patience well: that same cowardly, giant-like
ox-beef hath devoured many a gentleman of your
house. I promise you your kindred hath made

¹ *Squash*, unripe peasecod.

my eyes water ere now. I desire your more acquaintance, good Master Mustardseed.

Titania. Come, wait upon him ; lead him to my bower.

V.—OBERON AND PUCK

Oberon. I wonder if Titania be awaked ;
Then, what it was that next came in her eye,
Which she must dote on in extremity !

[*Enter Puck.*

Here comes my messenger.

How now, mad spirit !

What night-rule¹ now about this haunted grove ?

Puck. My mistress with a monster is in love,
Near to her close and consecrated bower,
While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,
A crew of patches,² rude mechanicals,
That work for bread upon Athenian stalls,
Were met together to rehearse a play
Intended for great Theseus' nuptial-day.
The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort,
Who Pyramus presented, in their sport
Forsook his scene and enter'd in a brake :
When I did him at this advantage take,
An ass's nolle³ I fixed on his head :
Anon his Thisbe must be answered,
And forth my mimic comes. When they him spy,
As wild geese that the creeping fowler eye,
Or russet-pated⁴ choughs, many in sort,

¹ *Night-rule*, revelry by night.

² *Patches*, fools.

³ *Nolle*, head.

⁴ *Russet-pated*, red-legged.

Rising and cawing at the gun's report,
 Sever themselves and madly sweep the sky,
 So, at his sight, away his fellows fly ;
 And, at our stamp, here o'er and o'er one falls ;
 He murder cries and help from Athens calls.
 Their sense thus weak, lost with their fears thus
 strong,

Made senseless things begin to do them wrong ;
 For briers and thorns at their apparel snatch ;
 Some sleeves, some hats, from yielders all things
 catch.

I led them on in this distracted fear,
 And left sweet Pyramus translated there :
 When in that moment, so it came to pass,
 Titania waked and straightway loved an ass.

Oberon. This falls out better than I could devise.

VL.—TITANIA, BOTTOM, AND FAIRIES : OBERON
 BEHIND

Titania. Come, sit thee down upon this flowery
 bed,

While I thy amiable¹ cheeks do coy,²
 And stick musk-roses in thy sleek smooth head,
 And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.

Bottom. Where's Peaseblossom ?

Peaseblossom. Ready.

Bottom. Scratch my head, Peaseblossom.
 Where's Mounsieur Cobweb ?

Cobweb. Ready.

Bottom. Mounsieur Cobweb, good mounsieur,
 get you your weapons in your hand, and kill me a

¹ *Amiable*, lovely.

² *Coy*, stroke.

red-hipped humble-bee on the top of a thistle ; and, good mounsieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret yourself too much in the action, mounsieur ; and, good mounsieur, have a care the honey-bag break not ; I would be loath to have you overflown with a honey-bag, signior. Where's Mounsieur Mustardseed ?

Mustardseed. Ready.

Bottom. Give me your neaf,¹ Mounsieur Mustardseed. Pray you, leave your courtesy, good mounsieur.

Mustardseed. What's your will ?

Bottom. Nothing, good mounsieur, but to help Cavallery Cobweb to scratch. I must to the barber's, mounsieur ; for methinks I am marvellous hairy about the face ; and I am such a tender ass, if my hair do but tickle me, I must scratch.

Titania. What, wilt thou hear some music, my sweet love ?

Bottom. I have a reasonable good ear in music. Let's have the tongs and the bones.

Titania. Or say, sweet love, what thou desirest to eat.

Bottom. Truly, a peck of provender : I could munch your good dry oats. Methinks I have a great desire to a bottle² of hay : good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow.

Titania. I have a venturous fairy that shall seek The squirrel's hoard, and fetch thee new nuts.

Bottom. I had rather have a handful or two of dried peas. But, I pray you, let none of your people stir me : I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.

¹ *Neaf*, fist.

² *Bottle*, truss.

Titania. Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in
my arms.

Fairies, be gone, and be all ways away.

[*Exeunt Fairies.*]

So doth the woodbine the sweet honeysuckle

Gently entwist ; the female ivy so

Enrings the barked fingers of the elm.

O, how I love thee ! how I dote on thee !

[*They sleep. Enter Puck.*]

Oberon. Welcome, good Robin. See'st thou this
sweet sight ?

Her dotage now I do begin to pity :

For, meeting her of late behind the wood,

Seeking sweet favours for this hateful fool,

I did upbraid her and fall out with her ;

For she his hairy temples then had rounded

With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers ;

And that same dew, which sometime on the
buds

Was wont to swell like round and orient pearls,

Stood now within the pretty flowerets' eyes

Like tears that did their own disgrace bewail.

When I had at my pleasure taunted her

And she in mild terms begg'd my patience,

I then did ask of her her changeling child ;

Which straight she gave me, and her fairy sent

To bear him to my bower in Fairy land.

And now I have the boy, I will undo

This hateful imperfection of her eyes.

Be as thou wast wont to be ;

See as thou wast wont to see :

Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower

Hath such force and blessed power.

Now, my Titania ; wake you, my sweet queen.

Titania. My Oberon ! what visions have I seen !
Methought I was enamour'd of an ass.

Oberon. There lies your love.

Titania. How came these things to pass ?
O, how mine eyes do loathe his visage now !

Oberon. Silence awhile. Robin, take off this head.

VII.—THE FAIRIES' GOOD-NIGHT

Puck. Now the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf howls the moon ;
Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,
All with weary task fordone.¹
Now the wasted brands do glow,
Whilst the screech-owl, screeching loud,
Puts the wretch that lies in woe
In remembrance of a shroud.
Now it is the time of night
That the graves all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his sprite,
In the church-way paths to glide :
And we fairies, that do run
By the triple² Hecate's team,
From the presence of the sun,
Following darkness like a dream,
Now are frolic³ not a mouse
Shall disturb this hallow'd house :

¹ *Fordone*, tired out.

² *Triple*, having a three-fold dominion (in Heaven, Earth, and the under world).

³ *Frolic*, merry.

SCENES FROM FAIRYLAND

I am sent with broom before,
To sweep the dust behind the door.

[*Enter Oberon, Titania and Fairies.*

Oberon. Through the house give glimmering
light,

By the dead and drowsy fire :
Every elf and fairy sprite,
Hop as light as bird from brier ;
And this ditty, after me,
Sing, and dance it trippingly.

Titania. First, rehearse your song by rote,
To each word a warbling note :
Hand in hand with fairy grace,
Will we sing, and bless this place.

[*Song and dance.*

Oberon. Now, until the break of day,
Through this house each fairy stray.
With this field-dew consecrate,
Every fairy take his gait ;
And each several chamber bless,
Through this palace, with sweet peace ;
And the owner of it blest
Ever shall in safety rest.
Trip away ; make no stay ;
Meet me all by break of day.

W. SHAKSPEARE

10.—NOAH'S ARK

(FROM "NOAH'S FLOOD")

I.—GOING IN

AND now the beasts are walking from the wood,
As well of ravine, as that chew the cud.
The king of beasts his fury doth suppress,
And to the ark leads down the lioness ;
The bull for his belovèd mate doth low,
And to the ark brings on the fair-eyed cow ;
The stately courser for his mare doth neigh,
And towards the new ark guideth her the way ;
The wreathed-horned ram his safety doth pursue,
And to the ark ushers his gentle ewe ;
The bristly boar, who with his snout up ploughed
The spacious plains, and with his grunting loud
Raised rattling echoes all the woods about,
Leaves his dark den, and having scented out
Noah's new-built ark, in with his sow doth come,
And stye themselves up in a little room ;
The hart with his dear hind, the buck, and doe,
Leaving their wildness, bring the tripping roe
Along with them ; and from the mountain steep
The clambering goat and coney, used to keep

Amongst the cliffs, together get, and they
To this great ark find out the ready way ;
Th' unwieldy elk, whose skin is of much proof,
Throngs with the rest to attain this wooden roof ;
The unicorn leaves off his pride, and close
There sets him down by the rhinoceros ;
The elephant there cometh to embark,
And as he softly getteth up the ark,
Feeling by his great weight his body sunk,
Holds by his huge tooth and his nervy trunk ;
The crook-backed camel climbing to the deck
Draws up himself with his long sinewy neck ;
The spotted panther, whose delicious scent
Oft causeth beasts his harbour to frequent,
But, having got them once into his power,
Sucketh their blood and doth their flesh devour,
His cruelty hath quickly cast aside,
And waxing courteous, doth become their guide,
And brings into the universal shop
The ounce, the tiger, and the antelop ;
By the grim wolf the poor sheep safely lay
And was his care, which lately was his prey ;
The ass upon the lion leaned his head,
And to the cat the mouse for succour fled ;
The silly hare doth cast aside her fear,
And forms¹ herself fast by the ugly bear,
At whom the watchful dog did never bark
When he espied him clambering up the ark ;
The fox, got in, his subtleties hath left,
And, as ashamed of his former theft,
Sits sadly there, as though he did repent,
And in the ark became an innocent ;
The fine-furred ermine, marten, and the cat

¹ *Forms herself*, makes her form.

That gives out civet, there together sat
By the shrewd¹ monkey, babian,² and the ape,
With the hyæna (much their like in shape),
Which by their kind are ever doing ill,
Yet in the ark sit civilly and still;
The skipping squirrel of the forest free,
That leaped so nimbly betwixt tree and tree,
Itself into the ark then nimbly cast,
As 'twere a ship-boy come to climb the mast;
The porcupine into the ark doth make,
Nor his sharp quills, though angry, once doth
shake;

The sharp-fanged beaver, whose wide-gaping jaw
Cutteth down plants as it were with a saw,
His cruel chaps, though breathless, he doth close,
As with the rest into the ark he goes;
Th' unev'n-legged badger, whose eye-pleasing skin³
The case to many a curious thing hath been
Since that great flood, his fortresses forsakes
Wrought in the earth, and, though but halting,
makes

Up to the ark; the otter then, that keeps
In the wild rivers, in their banks and steeps,
And feeds on fish, which under water still
He with his keld³ feet and keen teeth doth kill,
The other two into the ark doth follow,
Though his ill shape doth cause him but to wallow;
The tortoise and the hedgehog, both so slow
As in their motion scarce discerned to go,
Good footmen grow, contráry to their kind,
Lest from the rest they should be left behind;
The rooting mole, as to foretell the flood,
Comes out of th' earth, and clammers up the wood;

¹ *Shrewd*, malicious. ² *Babian*, baboon. ³ *Keld*, webbed.

The little dormouse leaves her leaden sleep,
And with the mole up to the ark doth creep ;
With many other which were common then
(Their kind decayed), but now unknown to men ;
For there was none that Adam e'er did name
But to the ark from every quarter came ;
By two and two the male and female beast,
From swift'st to slow'st, from greatest to the least ;
And as within the strong pale of a park,
So were they all together in the ark.

* * * The eagle, in his flight
Cleaving the thin air, on the deck doth light ;
The swan, by his great Maker taught this good,¹
To avoid the fury of the falling flood,
His boat-like breast, his wings raised for his sail,
And oar-like feet him nothing to avail
Against the rain (which likely was to fall,
Each drop so great that, like a ponderous mall,
Might sink him under water, and might drown
Him in the deluge), with the crane comes down,
Whose voice the trumpet is that through the air
Doth summon all the others to repair
To the new ark ; when with his moonèd train
The strutting peacock yawling 'gainst the rain
Flutters into the ark, by his shrill cry
Telling the rest the tempest to be nigh ;
The iron-eating ostrich, whose bare thighs
Resemble man's, fearing the lowering skies,
Walks to the great boat ; when the crownèd cock,
That to the village lately was the clock,
Comes to roost by him with his hen, foreshewing
The shower would quickly fall that then was
brewing ;

¹ *Mall*, chest.

The swift-winged swallow, feeding as it flies,
With the fleet martlet thrilling through the skies,
As at their pastime sportively they were,
Feeling the unusual moisture of the air
Their feathers flag, into the ark they come,
As to some rock or building, their own home ;
The airy lark, his hallelujah sung,
Finding a slackness seize upon his tongue
By the much moisture and the welkin¹ dark,
Drops with his female down into the ark ;
The soaring kite then scantled² his large wings,
And to the ark the hovering kestrel brings ;
The raven comes, and croaking in doth call
The carrion crow, and she again doth brawl,
Foretelling rain ; by these there likewise sat
The careful stork (since Adam wondered at
For thankfulness to those where he doth breed)
That his ag'd parents naturally doth feed,
In filial duty as instructing man ;
By them there sat the loving pelican,
Whose young ones, poisoned by the serpent's sting,
With her own blood to life again doth bring ;
The constant turtle up her lodging took
By these good birds, and in a little nook
The nightingale with her melodious tongue
Sadly there sits, as she had never sung ;
The merle³ and mavis,⁴ on the highest spray,
Who with their music waked the early day,
From the proud cedars to the ark come down,
As though forewarned that God the world would
drown ;

The prating parrot comes to them aboard,

¹ *Welkin*, sky. ² *Scantled*, contracted, made small.

³ *Merle*, blackbird.

⁴ *Mavis*, thrush.

And 'is not heard to counterfeit a word ;
'The falcon and the dove sit there together,
And th' one of them doth prune the other's
feather ;

The gos-hawk and the pheasant there do twin,
And in the ark are perched upon one pin ;
The partridge on the spar-hawk¹ there doth tend,
Who entertains her as a loving friend ;
The ravenous vulture feels the small birds sit
Upon his back, and is not moved a whit ;
Amongst the thickest of these several fowl,
With open eyes, still sat the broad-faced owl,
And not a small bird (as they wonted were)
Either pursued or wondered at her there.

No wayless desert, heath, nor fen, nor moor,
But in by couples sent some of their store ;

~~The~~ osprey and the cormorant forbear
To fish, and thither with the rest repair ;
The hern leaves watching at the river's brim,
And brings the snipe and plover in with him ;
There came the halcyon,² whom the sea obeys
When she her nest upon the water lays ;
The goose, which doth for watchfulness excel,
Came for the rest to be the sentinel ;
The charitable robinet in came,
Whose nature taught the others to be tame ;
All feathered things yet ever known to men,
From the huge roc³ unto the little wren ;
From forests, fields, from rivers and from ponds,

¹ *Spar-hawk*, sparrow-hawk.

² *Halcyon*, the kingfisher, popularly supposed to build a floating nest on the sea, which remained calm until the eggs were hatched. Hence, *halcyon days*.

³ *Roc*, a fabulous bird of gigantic size.

All that have webs, or cloven-footed ones,
To the grand ark together friendly came,
Whose several species were too long to name.

The beasts and birds thus by the angels brought,
Noah found his ark not fully yet was fraught ;
To shut it up for as he did begin,
He still saw serpents¹ and their like come in.
The salamander to the ark retires,
To fly the flood it doth forsake the fires ;
The strange chameleon comes to augment the crew,
Yet in the ark doth never change her hue ;
To these poor silly few of harmless things,
So were there serpents, with their teeth and stings ;
The watchful dragon comes the ark to keep,
But lulled with murmur gently falls to sleep ;
The cruel scorpion comes to climb the pile,
And, meeting with the greedy crocodile,
Into the ark together meekly go,
And like kind mates themselves they there bestow ;
The cockatrice there kills not with his sight,
But in his object joys and in the light ;
The deadly-killing aspic,² when he seeth
This world of creatures, sheathes his poisoned teeth,
And with the adder and the speckled snake,
Them to a corner harmlessly betake ;
The lizard shuts up his sharp-sighted eyes
Among these serpents, and there sadly lies ;
The small-eyed slow-worm, held of many blind,
Yet this great ark it quickly out could find,
And, as the ark it was about to climb,
Out of its teeth shoots the envenomed slime :
All these base-grovelling and ground-licking suit
From the large boas to the little newt,

¹ *Serpents*, creeping things.

² *Aspic*, asp.

As well as birds or the four-footed beasts,
Came to the ark, their hostry,¹ as Noah's guests.

II.—COMING OUT

Never such comfort came to mortal man,
Never such joy was since the world began,
As in the ark when Noah and his behold
The olive-leaf, which certainly them told
The flood decreased ; and they such comfort take
That with their mirth the birds and beasts they
make

Sportive, which send forth such a hollow noise
As said they were partakers of their joys.
The lion roars, but quickly doth forbear,
Lest he thereby the lesser beasts should fear ;²
The bull doth bellow, and the horse doth neigh ;
The stag, the buck, and shag-haired goat do bray ;
The boar doth grunt, the wolf doth howl, the ram
Doth bleat, which yet so faintly from him came
As though for very joy he seemed to weep ;
The ape and monkey such a chattering keep
With their thin lips, which they so well expressed
As they would say, We hope to be released ;
The silly ass set open such a throat
That all the ark resounded with the note ;
The watchful dog doth play and skip and bark,
And leaps upon his masters in the ark ;
The raven croaks, the carrion crow doth squall,
The pie doth chatter, and the partridge call ;
The jocund cock crows as he claps his wings ;
The merle doth whistle, and the mavis sings ;

¹ *Hostry*, *hostelry*, *inn*.² *Fear*, *frighten*.

The nightingale strains her melodious throat,
 Which of the small birds being heard to rote,¹
 They soon set to her, each a part doth take,
 As by their music up a choir to make;
 The parrot, lately sad, then talks and jeers,
 And counterfeith every sound he hears;
 The purblind owl, which heareth all this do,
 To express her gladness cries *to-whit to-whoo*;
 No beast nor bird was in the ark with Noy,
 But in their kind expressed some sign of joy.

* * * * *

Each male comes down, his female by his side,
 As 'twere the bridegroom bringing out his bride;
 Till th' ark was emptied, and that mighty load
 For a whole year that there had been bestowed
 Since first that forty days' still-falling rain
 That drowned the world was then dried up again;
 Which with much gladness do salute the ground;
 The lighter sort some caper and some bound;
 The heavier creatures tumble them, as glad
 That they such ease by their enlargement had;
 The creeping things together fall to play,
 Joy'd beyond measure for this happy day;
 The birds let from this cage do mount the sky,
 'To show they yet had not forgot to fly,
 And sporting them upon the airy plain
 Yet to their master Noah they stoop again,
 To leave his presence and do still forbear,
 Till they from him of their release might hear.

When to these living things quoth righteous Noe?
 "Now take you all free liberty to go,
 And every way do you yourselves disperse

¹ *To rote*, till they knew it by rote.

NOAH'S ARK

Till you have filled this globy universe
With your increase : let every soil be yours.
He that hath saved ye faithfully assures
Your propagation : and, dear wife," quoth he,
"And you my children, let your trust still be
In your Preserver, and on Him rely
Whose promise is that we shall multiply
Till, in our days, of nations we shall hear
From us poor few in th' ark that lately were."
To make a new world thus works every one :
The Deluge ceaseth, and the old is gone.

M. DRAYTON

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

	PAGE
A country life is sweet	59
A plump little girl and a thin little bird	9
A simple child	64
Ah ! there you are	14
All day long in the scorching weather	94
And are ye sure the news is true	164
And now the beasts are walking from the wood	263
And where have you been, my Mary	46
And will he not come again	68
Arise, my maiden Mabel	175
Art thou the bird whom man loves best	159
As I was a-wandering ae morning in Spring	96
As it fell upon a day	147
 Beside a green meadow a stream used to flow	81
Between Nose and Eyes a strange contest arose	134
Birdie is dead, little maiden	78
Brother, before we go to bed	75
By the shores of Gitche Gumee	196
 Come, follow, follow me	83
Come, now a roundel and a fairy song	253
Come, sit thee down upon this flowery bed	258
Come unto these yellow sands	115
 Daisy, in the fields one day	29
Do you ask what the birds say? The sparrow, the dove	30
Dolly came into the meadow	6
 From Oberon, in Fairyland	130
Full fathom five thy father lies	115

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

	PAGE
Gently, no pushing ; there's room to sit	52
God make my life a little light	5
God might have bade the earth bring forth	120
Goodbye, goodbye to Summer	31
Half a league, half a league	149
Hamelin Town's in Brunswick	223
He quickly arms him for the field	73
He was a rat, and she was a rat	9
Here, a little child, I stand	3
Here in this wiry prison where I sing	98
Her chariot ready straight is made	71
Her eyes the glow-worm lend thee	122
Hie away ! hie away	86
Hie upon Highlands	137
Ho, sailor of the sea	26
How now, spirit, whither wander you	249
How should I your true love know	67
Hush, baby, hush	69
I had but two little wings	61
I had a dove, and the sweet dove died	55
I have a horse—a ryghte goode horse	160
I have no name	49
I once had a sweet little doll, dears	32
I wonder if Titania be awaked	257
In palmy days, now long gone by, no Don in Cadiz city	154
In the hollow tree in the gray old tower	92
In the moony brake	139
Into the sunshine	123
In Trentham woods we gathered flowers	61
It was fifty years ago	93
It was the schooner <i>Hesperus</i>	111
John Gilpin was a citizen	131
Just four months old she is, my baby	86
Leave me alone—I want to cry	26
Lily—fair lily	124
Little Kings and Queens of the May	36
Little lamb, who made thee	4

INDEX OF FIRST LINES 275

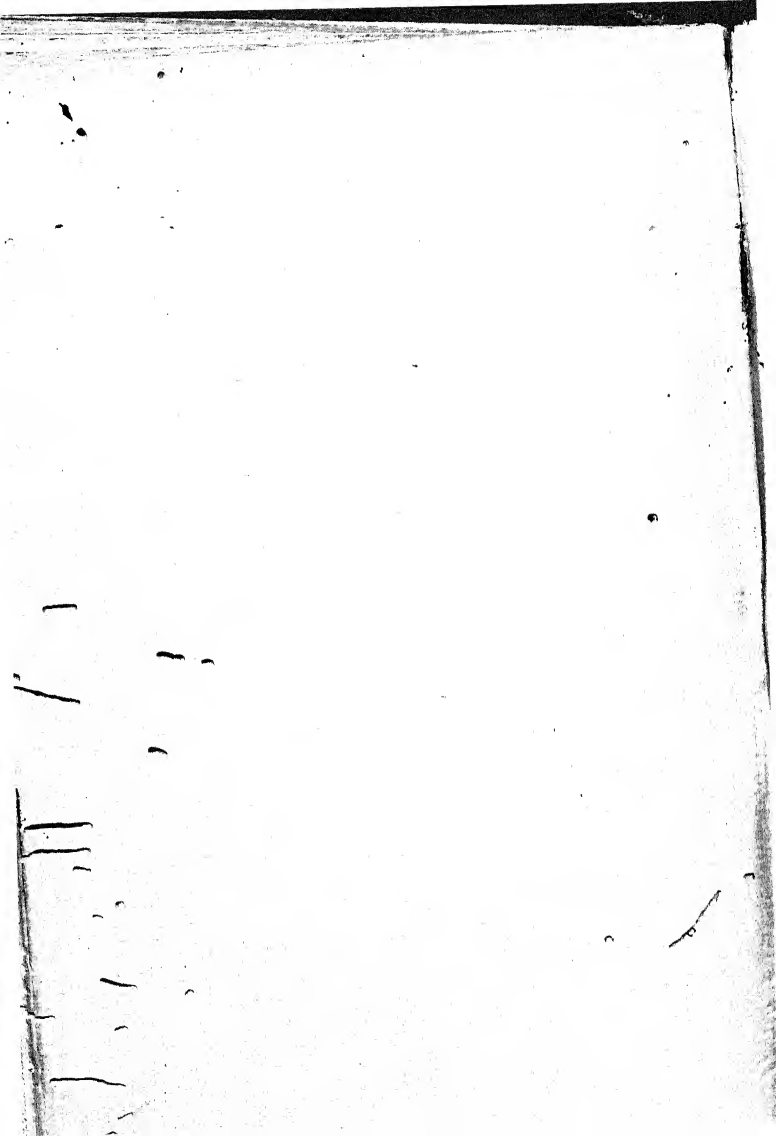
	PAGE
Little one, come to my knee	42
Little white Lily	7
Morning, evening, noon, and night	166
Mother, mother, the winds are at play	41
My fairest child, I have no song to give you	170
My gentle Puck, come hither. Thou rememberest	251
My heart's in the Highland's, my heart is not here	106
My mother bore me in the Southern wild	109
Near the King's court was a young child born	191
Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note	163
Now ponder well, you parents dear	217
Now the hungry lion roars	261
O hush thee, my baby ! thy sire was a knight	51
O Mary, go and call the cattle home	152
O the Broom, the yellow Broom	79
Oft I had heard of Lucy Gray	89
Oh, call my brother back to me	97
Oh where ! and oh where ! is your Highland laddie gone	28
Old Meg she was a gipsy	68
Once a dream did weave a shade	88
Pack, clouds, away ! and welcome day	114
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu	143
Pile the leaves, brother	87
Sleepest or wakest thou, jolly shepherd	16
So late ! and all the passers gone	54
So the foemen have fired the gate, men of mine	140
Spring, the sweet spring, is the year's pleasant king	33
Spring, where are you tarrying now	58
Sweet and low, sweet and low	60
The boy stood on the burning deck	104
The children think they'll climb a tree	117
The clouds are scudding across the moon	129
The dew was falling fast, the stars began to blink	99
The fairy beam upon you	151
The leaves were reddening to their fall	52

	PAGE
The mountain and the squirrel	75
The ousel-cock so black of hue	254
The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree	89
The rain had fallen, the Poet arose	153
The sun does arise	34
The sun was shining on the sea	18
The twilight is sad and cloudy	116
There are twelve months throughout the year	50
There is a world—my world	85
There was a round pond, and a pretty pond too	38
There were six little pigs, as I've heard people say	10
There's no dew left on the daisies and clover	13
They shot him dead at the Nine-Stone Rig	128
This palace standeth in the air	71
Thou wert out betimes, thou busy, busy Bee	110
Though clock	145
Through the blue and frosty heavens	233
'Tis sweet to hear the merry lark	151
To a winter window	22
Toll for the brave	145
'Twas on a summer night	39
Two good friends had Hiawatha	201
Under a spreading chestnut tree	107
Up in the morning's no for me	104
Up the airy mountain	56
Vogelweid the Minnesinger	141
Welcome, maids of honour	145
We'll plant a corn-flower on his grave	95
What are you singing of, soft and mild	25
What does little birdie say	3
What I want is my husband	161
When cats run home and light is come	77
When I was still a boy and mother's pride	80
When the scarlet cardinal tells	138
When the voices of children are heard on the green	64
Where did you come from, baby dear	35
Where the bee sucks, there suck I	116
"Will you walk into my parlour?" said the spider to the fly	23

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

	277
	PAGE
Willow the King is a monarch grand	44
With precious merchandise well stored, the growth of Indian soil	240
Ye mariners of England	135
You shall hear how Pau-Puk-Keewis	206

THE END



A SECOND SCHOOL POETRY BOOK.

COMPILED BY M. A. WOODS,

Head Mistress of the Clifton High School for Girls.

Fcap. 8vo. 4s. 6d.

The *Spectator* says: "One notable feature of this selection is its originality. Miss Woods does not follow the common track of compilers. Some of the most popular of English poems, poems that generally take their place in books of this class as it were by natural right, are not to be found here. . . . On the other hand, there are lyrics from poets whose names are probably unknown to the general reader, and will certainly be unknown to the children for whom this volume is designed. . . . In her selection from the writings of living poets—some well known, and others familiar only to voracious readers of verse—Miss Woods displays excellent judgment. The book is intended, as the title-page shows, for schools; but the dainty little volume will prove an excellent companion during the vacation season to any reader who loves good poetry."

The *Athenaeum* says: "Encouraged by the success of her *First School Poetry Book*, Miss Woods has compiled *A Second School Poetry Book*, as to which, in the main, the praise given to the former work applies. Lest any readers should regret the absence of some favourite pieces, the preface states that these are reserved for another volume. The present compilation is intended for girls from eleven to fourteen or fifteen, and the very sensible lines laid down in the preface are well adhered to. Some originality is shown in the selection, a number of poems by living writers being included which are not to be found in other anthologies."

The *Journal of Education* says: "There is a great variety in the selections, and we notice some admirable poems of their kind which will be new to the general reader, as well as to teachers, to whom we heartily commend the book. . . . Teachers of upper grade schools, as well as of elementary ones, will do well to procure this series."

The *Academy* says: "It is just a year ago since we welcomed the *First School Poetry Book*, which Miss Woods of Clifton had compiled for the lower forms of high schools for girls. We are not surprised that its success has induced her to publish a similar volume for middle forms, and also to promise yet a third in the future. As before, we find a sound judgment and a catholic taste, the number of selections from American authors other than Longfellow being unusually large."

The *Schoolmaster* says: "We never saw a better selection of English poetry than this."

The *Literary World* says: "The collection is an excellent one. For school purposes it stands second to none, and for the reason mentioned in our first sentence is superior to most."

MACMILLAN AND CO., LONDON.

MACMILLAN'S GLOBE LIBRARY.

Globe 8vo. 3s. 6d. each.

The Complete Works of William Shakespeare. Edited by W. G. CLARK and W. ALDIS WRIGHT.

Morte d'Arthur. Sir Thomas Malory's Book of King Arthur and of his Noble Knights of the Round Table. The Edition of Caxton, revised for modern use. With an Introduction by Sir EDWARD STRACHEY, Bart.

The Poetical Works of Sir Walter Scott. With Biographical and Critical Essay by F. T. PALGRAVE.

The Poetical Works and Letters of Robert Burns. Edited, with Life and Glossarial Index, by ALEXANDER SMITH.

The Adventures of Robinson Crusoe. Edited, from the Original Editions, with Introduction, by HENRY KINGSLEY.

Goldsmith's Miscellaneous Works. With Biographical Essay by Professor MASSON.

Pope's Poetical Works. Edited, with Memoir and Notes, by Professor WARD.

Spenser's Complete Works. Edited by R. MORRIS. With Memoir by J. W. HALES, M.A.

Dryden's Poetical Works. A revised Text and Notes. By W. D. CHRISTIE, M.A.

Cowper's Poetical Works. Edited, with Biographical Introduction and Notes, by the Rev. W. BENHAM.

Virgil's Works. Rendered into English Prose, with Introduction, Notes, Running Analysis, and Index. By JAMES LONSDALE, M.A., and SAMUEL LEE, M.A.

Horace's Works. Rendered into English Prose, with Introduction, Running Analysis, Notes, Index, &c. By JAMES LONSDALE, M.A., and SAMUEL LEE, M.A.

Milton's Poetical Works. Edited, with Introduction, &c., by Professor MASSON.

English Poets. Selections, with Critical Introductions by various Writers, and a General Introduction by MATTHEW ARNOLD. Edited by T. H. WARD, M.A. 4 Vols. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d. each.

VOL. I. CHAUCER TO DONNE. II. BEN JOHNSON TO DRYDEN. III. ADDISON TO BLAKE. IV. WORDSWORTH TO ROSSETTI.

Children's Poetry. By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." Globe 8vo. 4s. 6d.

Children's Treasury of Lyrical Poetry. Selected by Professor F. T. PALGRAVE. In 2 Parts. 18mo. 1s. each. Or complete in 1 Vol. 2s. 6d.

MACMILLAN AND CO., LONDON.

